Saturday Review

November 2. 1963 25¢

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BREAKING THE ICE IN ANTARCTICA

John Lear reports on a beginning in

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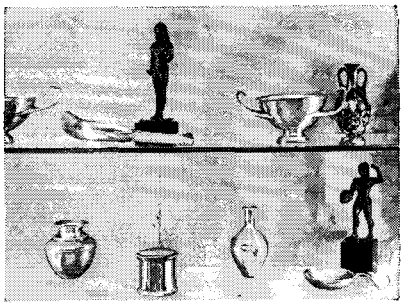

Left. This 1925 oil-on-canvas by Pablo Picasso is from the collection of Samuel Marx. It is so strikingly different from the 1941 Picasso in the Winston collection or the 1905 canvas belonging to Albert Lasker that one finds it difficult to realize that all three were painted by the same artist. *Center. La Résistance Inutile,* Jean Honoré Fragonard's charcoal sketch with wash is a superb example of the freedom and spontaneity that the great artists of the 18th century got into their drawings. From the Davray collection. *Right.* A group of ancient Greek, Etruscan and Roman bronzes, silver and pottery from the Walter C. Baker collection. The Baker collection also includes a curious self-portrait of the young Edgar Degas which hints at the high style of draftsmanship that the artist later developed. Nearly 100 artists are represented in these 26 private collections.

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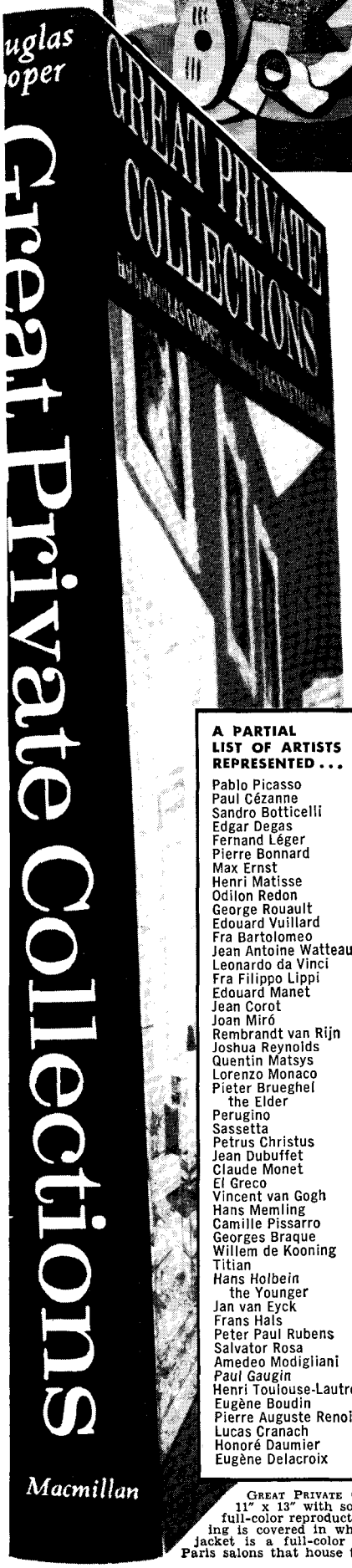

A PARTIAL LIST OF ARTISTS REPRESENTED...

Pablo Picasso
Paul Cézanne
Sandro Botticelli
Edgar Degas
Fernand Léger
Pierre Bonnard
Max Ernst
Henri Matisse
Odilon Redon
George Rouault
Edouard Vuillard
Fra Bartolomeo
Jean Antoine Watteau
Leonardo da Vinci
Fra Filippo Lippi
Edouard Manet
Jean Corot
Joan Miró
Rembrandt van Rijn
Joshua Reynolds
Quentin Matsys
Lorenzo Monaco
Pieter Brueghel the Elder
Perugino
Sassetta
Petrus Christus
Jean Dubuffet
Claude Monet
El Greco
Vincent van Gogh
Hans Memling
Camille Pissarro
Georges Braque
Willem de Kooning
Titian
Hans Holbein the Younger
Jan van Eyck
Frans Hals
Peter Paul Rubens
Salvator Rosa
Amedeo Modigliani
Paul Gaugin
Henri Toulouse-Lautrec
Eugène Boudin
Pierre Auguste Renoir
Lucas Cranach
Honoré Daumier
Eugène Delacroix

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Primitive art and the twentieth century

Baron Elie de Rothschild, *Paris*
European paintings, *objets d'art* and furniture

Gustaf VI Adolf, *King of Sweden*
Chinese bronzes, jade and ceramics

J. Paul Getty, *Malibu, California*
Antiquities, French furniture and paintings

Robert Lehman, *New York*
European paintings and works of art

Harry Lewis Winston, *Birmingham, Mich.*
Modern art

George Spencer-Churchill, *Gloucestershire*
Antiquities and old master paintings

Albert and Mary Lasker, *New York*
Nineteenth and twentieth century paintings

Oskar Reinhart, *Winterthur, Switzerland*
European drawings and paintings

Count Vittorio Cini, *Venice*
Italian paintings, furnishings

(and sixteen other collections)

GREAT PRIVATE COLLECTIONS is a huge book, 11" x 13" with some 400 black and white and full-color reproductions. The gold-stamped binding is covered in wheat-finish buckram, and the jacket is a full-color reproduction of one of the Paris salons that house the Rothschild collection.

CERTAINLY you have never seen a volume of art treasures like GREAT PRIVATE COLLECTIONS! Printed in Switzerland, these are masterpieces from 26 of the finest *private* art collections in Europe and America... paintings, drawings and *objets d'art* that are not accessible to the general public and are rarely — if ever — encountered in other art volumes.

As you page through this massive volume you cannot help being impressed by the enormous *range* of the art treasures in these collections. Paintings and drawings in every style and period from the 12th century to modern abstract expressionist canvases. Sculptures and other art objects that date from the 13th century before Christ... to the space constructions that mark the thinking of our contemporary sculptors. The finest examples of French porcelain... silver... furniture. Rare books and bindings. English antiquities. Italian arms and armor. Magnificent Oriental artifacts. Primitive art. They are all here — and more!

In a masterful job of editing, famed art critic Douglas Cooper presents these 26 epicure collections in a sweeping array of magnificent monochrome and full color reproductions — with descriptive notes by leading American and European art connoisseurs. These experts guide you from room to room... from one dazzling collection to the next... on a tour that, to the cultivated mind and eye, is nothing short of intoxicating!

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After January 1, 1964 GREAT PRIVATE COLLECTIONS will be $25.00. But, to build up distribution of the First Edition, the publisher makes this attractive offer: First examine this completely different kind of art volume without obligation or advance payment. After 10 days you may return the book and owe nothing. If you keep it, remit *not* $25.00 but just $9.95 plus shipping, then $10.00 one month later to complete payment of $19.95. Mail coupon to your bookseller or: The Macmillan Company, Dept. 400-21, Riverside, New Jersey. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1963.)

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(Advertisement)

Some time ago, I was stranded in a small town upstate. I'd never been there before, knew no one—so what did I do for dinner? Naturally enough, I went to a Chinese restaurant.

These restaurants exist in almost every town, and I've found them uniformly adequate and often truly excellent, a safe bet for the uninformed traveler. Now I know the reason why: it's revealed in a new book, "The Easy Way to Chinese Cooking," by Beverly Lee, who has given the fine course in cooking at New York's China Institute.

Mind you, I'm not suggesting that Mrs. Lee's book is the sort of thing you'll want to read straight through, unless you habitually read cook books. It is, rather, a source of complete information on China's cooking techniques, ingredients and recipes, all of which are delightfully different but not particularly difficult.

Most of "The Easy Way to Chinese Cooking" consists (reasonably enough) of the traditional dishes that have earned millions of devotees in dozens of countries, and which can be prepared from non-esoteric ingredients.

It's possible that you don't like Chinese food, in which case you have my sympathy. But if you do enjoy beef and snow peas, or sweet and sour pork, or any of the hundreds of other Chinese dishes, then you can't go wrong with "The Easy Way to Chinese Cooking."

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Easy Way to Chinese Cooking" ($3.50), by Beverly Lee, is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. Copies are available from your local bookseller or from any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 14 Wall Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Saturday Review

November 2, 1963

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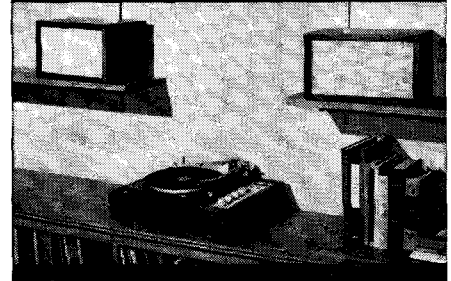

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Some programs of special interest

Go Down, Moses
Harriet Tubman's work with the Underground Railroad before the Civil War.
Friday, November 1 (7:30-8:30 PM)

Directions in Israel
Last in 5-part study of Israeli art and culture.
Sunday, November 3 (1-1:30 PM)

Quillow and the Giant
Puppets enact a musical adaptation of a Thurber fantasy.
Sunday, November 3 (6-7 PM)

Four Views of Caesar
Julius Caesar as seen by Plutarch, Shakespeare, Shaw, and himself.
Wednesday, November 6 (7:30-8 PM)

The Great War
A re-creation of the World War I era.
Sunday, November 10 (3-4 PM)

The Road to Berlin
Report on causes of the continuing crisis.
Sunday, November 10 (6-6:30 PM)

Calamity Jane
Carol Burnett in the musical comedy set in the Old West.
Tuesday, November 12 (9:30-11 PM)

The Patriots
Charlton Heston as Thomas Jefferson in the play by Sidney Kingsley.
Friday, November 15 (9:30-11 PM)

Greece: The Golden Age
An evocation by Lou Hazam of the glory that was Greece.
Tuesday, November 19 (9-10 PM)

That War in Korea
A *Project 20* study of "the strangest war ever fought by man."
Wednesday, November 20 (7:30-9 PM)

The Festival Frenzy
Excitement and pageantry – from bulls at Pamplona to starlets at Venice.
Wednesday, November 20 (10-11 PM)

Thanksgiving Day Parades
Thursday, November 28 (10 AM-Noon)

Young People's Concert
Bernstein and N.Y. Philharmonic.
Friday, November 29 (7:30-8:30 PM)

* * * *

Regularly scheduled programs

Monday to Friday: Today/Sunrise Semester

Wednesdays: CBS Reports/Chronicle

Fridays: The Great Adventure

Saturdays: Do You Know?/Exploring/ Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Sunrise Semester/Camera Three/ Discovery '63/Face the Nation/Issues and Answers/NBC News Encore/Sunday/Wild Kingdom/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color/ ABC News Reports

NOTE: Times (EST), programs, titles, and casts are subject to change. Please consult local listings.

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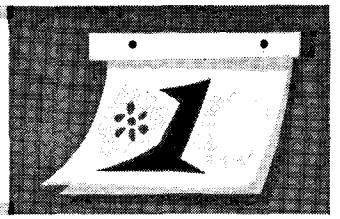
First of the Month



By CLEVELAND AMORY

OCTOBER was the month of Albert Finney and Bobby Baker, Sandy Koufax and Jimmy Brown, Joe Valachi and Hurricane Flora—and, sadly, Edith Piaf and Jean Cocteau. It was also the month when, after twelve yeoman years, James Putnam retired as general secretary of the P.E.N. Club, and when, for the first time in the history of the rare book trade, a central headquarters was established—an actual bookstore at 630 Fifth Avenue cooperatively set up by fifty-six antiquarian and rare book dealers from the U.S. and Canada.

• • •

It was also quite a Hoosier month. Out in Indiana they're having a revival, complete with a rehabilitation of his old homestead, of the one and only George Ade, the Indiana wit who once said, "There are only three basic jokes, but since the mother-in-law joke is not a joke but a very serious question, there are only two." The man who is best known for his line "Early to bed and early to rise and you'll meet very few of our best people," Ade was also a bear-cat on the subject of Hoosier culture—to wit: " 'Whom are you,' said he, for he had been to night school." In one of his plays he described one character as a woman who was "always first over the fence in the mad pursuit of culture," another as "a town-and-country soprano of the kind often used for augmenting the grief at a funeral." And he once wrote: "The music teacher came twice a week to bridge the awful gap between Dorothy and Chopin."

• • •

In view of all this, we were pleased to attend in Indianapolis the opening of Butler University's incredible Clowes Hall for the Performing Arts. Seating 2,200 people and costing $3,500,000, the hall's Grand Foyer towers six stories high. "Nothing like it anywhere outside the world's major cities," read the brochure. "Spacious yet intimate. With an inviting formal-informal elegance." Somehow it lacked only George.

Also on the culture frontier, according to the *Public Relations Journal*, an international PR man fell into conversation with an American tourist in Paris. "I see," he said, "you've bought a lot of trinkets. Did you buy a Van Gogh or a Picasso?" The tourist shook his head. "No," he replied, "they're all left-handed drivers over here and besides I already own two cars."

• • •

During the month, too, we crossed the trail of Melvin Belli, the San Francisco lawyer who is head of the Anti-Digit Dialing League. Successful in San Francisco (he went to court and stopped the telephone company from making the change—which they now declare is costing them $500,000 a day), Belli has stated that he is not only against dialing seventeen numbers to get information, but also against the telephone company's gall in changing a Butterfield 8 number to something like 2887876532108. (As an old Butterfield 8 man ourself, we agreed to sign up for a first edition of Belli's forthcoming pamphlet, "How to Murder the Telephone Company"). At a prescribed time, Belli told Jimmy Breslin, "people all over the country, millions of us, will pick up the phone and dial the operator and demand that she connect them with Mr. George Funkernickle, Jr., of Dayton, Ohio. If he is not at home, find out where he is and reach him there. No, we do not want to be connected with information. No, we do not want area codes. We are through doing the telephone company's work. We want to speak to our party in Dayton, Ohio, and if he isn't there, find out where he is and reach him."

• • •

Back home we ran afoul of the ASPCA, which, we declared, was the moral cripple of the humane movement because it sells animals to laboratories. (The ASPCA is New York only—many other SPCA's around the country, fortunately entirely independent of the "American" SPCA, do *not* do so). In any case, the ASPCA issued a strong brochure against us, declaring: "Mr. Amory said a number of things about the ASPCA that are untrue and many things we can only describe as recklessly false." Then Fred Myers, of the Humane Society of the U.S., promptly replied in our defense with a bulletin of his own. Among other things, Mr. Myers consulted Webster's *New Collegiate Dictionary* and defined the word "sell":

1) To deliver or hand over in breach of duty, trust, etc., to betray.
2) To deliver into bondage, esp. for money.
3) To dispose of or manage for profit instead of in accord with conscience, justice, etc.
4) To impose upon; trick.
5) To transfer (property) for a consideration; to give up for a consideration; to convey.
6) To deal in as an article of sale; as, to sell groceries.

Thank you, Mr. Myers. And, on the forthcoming Christmas card front, we remind you that you have everything from culture to animals to choose from. Mrs. Kennedy is marketing a handsome card for the benefit of the National Cultural Foundation, and for those of you who want to help animals, we suggest you write to the Humane Society of the U.S., Washington 6, D.C., for their Christmas card—a beautiful four-color 1879 print of Noah's Ark. Price $2 a dozen.

• • •

BALANCING THE BOOKS: *The Child Worshipers*, by Martha Weinman Lear: "Having passed more or less unscathed through the bittersweet epoch of Life with Father, and having survived, somehow, the rigors of Momism, we are come upon a time when the child carries the ball. It is a sort of historical triple pass—from Poppa to Momma to Junior". . . . *Confessions of an Advertising Man*, by David Ogilvy "Vic Schwab tells the story of Max Hart (of Hart, Schaffner & Marx) and his advertising manager, George L. Dyer, arguing about long copy. Dyer said, 'I'll bet you ten dollars I can write a newspaper page of solid type and you'd read every word of it.' Hart scoffed at the idea. 'I don't have to write a line of it to prove my point,' Dyer replied. 'I'll only tell you the headline: THIS PAGE IS ALL ABOUT MAX HART' ". . . . Don Herold in *Humor in Advertising*: "I believe that an office is the worst place on earth in which to think of anything. . . . I spent only two days there last year, and only ten days the year before". . . . *Those Days*, by Hamilton Fish Armstrong: "Never in my life did I hear anyone in my family speak of doing anything to 'pass the time.' When Helen was quite old and with more energy left than strength, I asked her her idea of Heaven. 'Perpetual activity,' she said, 'without fatigue.' "

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Special Report:

"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

PREFERRED BY THE POLICE OF 37 COUNTRIES AND THE BANDITS OF AT LEAST 1

DUE TO THE GROWING POPULARITY of the Land-Rover in the commission of grand theft, an interim report seems in order. Apparently our 4-wheel drive vehicle has latent virtues which may be of interest to the prospective owner.

It is not our intent here to point out raffish ways for one to pick up a great deal of extra money in one's spare time. Rather the opposite: to abet law and order by useful suggestion.

For instance: in two recent major crimes Land-Rovers were most helpful in hauling away £2,500,000 ($7,000,000) and £90,000 ($252,000), respectively. Now, although it is well-known that the police of the United Kingdom also employ Land-Rovers, *nowhere is it reported that they employed them on these occasions for hot pursuit of the brigands.* Perhaps that was their mistake.

NEAR LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.

The first theft, widely if grudgingly admired for its sheer bulk of loot, was, of course, the Great Train Robbery which brought the title back to England.

This Olympics of knavery took place, you recall, at Cheddington, just five miles out of Leighton Buzzard, Bedfordshire, on August 8 last, a Thursday.

Nearly a week passed before any clues turned up. Then, on Tuesday, August 13, a Times of London article datelined Brill, Buckinghamshire, reported:

"A lonely farmhouse near here, twelve miles from Oxford, was the hideout for the mail train gang and their haul of £2,500,000 in bank notes. Mailbags in three abandoned vehicles—an Army type truck and two Land-Rovers—have been found but no money."

NOT LIKE DARTS

Dismissing the Army lorry, one surmises that the Land-Rovers were given the arduous getaway assignment not only for their rugged dependability, but for their capacious rear doors, as well.

Bank notes in excess of so many tend to be cumbersome. When you are trying to on-load literally bags and bags of the stuff you simply haven't got the time to aim nicely; it's not like darts.

No, robbing a train is a very near thing at best and one has got to have the tools to do the job.

FOUND BY MUSHROOMER

Paradoxically, another Land-Rover feature, its outstanding over-all height, caused the thieves to flee the farm, it is thought. According to The Times:

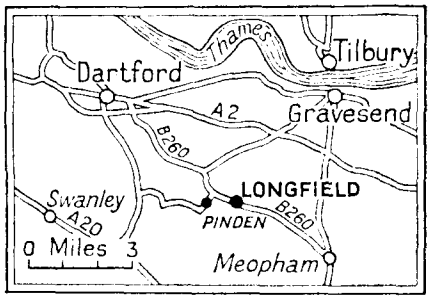
Left Profile — Rear View

"On Sunday afternoon a local man went mushrooming near the farm and noticed the top of a Land-Rover sticking out of a dilapidated outhouse among the trees." This he duly reported.

The Times account continues: "Police believe that the gang fled in haste. In the garden, near a row of runner beans, was a partly dug hole about 3 ft. deep, a spade still standing in a mound of clay.

"Detective Superintendent Fewtrell, head of Buckinghamshire's C.I.D., surveyed the hole and commented: 'Presumably they intended burying the evidence. We know they got out before they intended... they must have got the wind up'."

Naturally we are pleased that, having been an accessory to the crime, the Land-Rover was also helpful in its solution.



LAND-ROVER STRIKES AGAIN

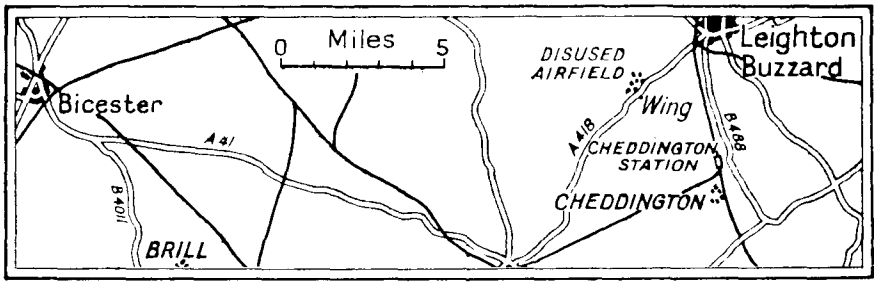
Though piddling by comparison, the latest Land-Rover effort—the Longfield, Kent, job of September 27—was respectable by county competition standards. It also illustrated an entirely different aspect of the Land-Rover's amazing versatility.

Under the headlines "£90,000 Stolen In Bank Van Ambush" and "Getaway By 8 Masked Men: Guard Felled By Cosh", The London Times describes how the armoured car was high jacked. The bandits lay in wait with their vehicles along a hedgelined road at the T-junction leading off to Horton Kirby and South Darenth. And then:

"A brick was hurled through the windscreen of the bank van, forcing the driver to stop. The bank van was hemmed in by the Land-Rover and the lorry." Whereupon the bandits leaped from the ambush vehicles armed with pick-axe handles, enveloped the bank van, carried the day, and drove off towards Horton Kirby.

To our knowledge this is the first time the Land-Rover has been used in the actual *commission* of a stick-up of this magnitude. While this dubious demonstration of its versatility would seem conclusive, one wonders: what would the

(cont. on next page)



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"THE LAND-ROVER AND CRIME"

(cont. from previous page)

outcome have been had the victim-vehicle *also* been a Land-Rover (Model 109 Bank Van)? An interesting conjecture.

LAW-FEARERS ASK

"Why," decent, law-fearing people may ask, "do you sell Land-Rovers to chaps who are going to use them to rob trains and banks?"

Actually, we can't always tell.

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More often than not the new owner doesn't know himself until he's tested its enormous virtuosity. For all we know, the recent bandits were ordinary citizens who only turned to lives of crime *after* they found their Land-Rovers were just the thing for sticking up trains.

As a matter of fact, we can give you what appears to be a character reference on one of our customers; this one also from The London Times of August 13. A member of the Mail Train Mob got the key to the farmhouse hideout from a neighboring housewife (he said he was the new owner).

She describes him thus: "He was a well dressed, well spoken, and charming man. I have not seen him since."

Neither have we; we do hope he's keeping it serviced.

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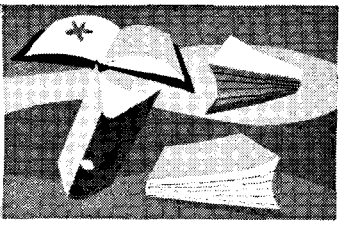

WHEN BERNARD DE VOTO died in 1955, his request was that his ashes be scattered along Montana's Lolo Pass, near a spot called Packer's Meadow. The place he specified is not far from the Lochsa River, just about on the Idaho line. It's rugged country, as furrowed as Mr. De Voto's brow used to be as he struck out against the effete literati of the East. Nearby are place names that still stir the imagination, from Hungry Creek to

Indian Grave Peak. It was here that Lewis and Clark nearly had to give up, killing one of their horses for food.

To the south stretches the Bitterroot range, with its jagged, sawtooth edges, where storms come up at the drop of a barometer. Some natives will tell you that here in the Bitterroots, all storms begin, that little men in sharp-pointed caps sit and brew the storms with more lustiness and venom than ever displayed by Macbeth's witches. Here more place names accentuate the dark rush of the ominous clouds on a stormy day: Hell's Half Acre, Deadtop Mountain, Lost Horse Creek, Bad Luck Creek, and Thunder Mountain. Slightly farther to the south is the Selway Bitterroot Wilderness area, designated by the U.S. Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture as one of the last places in an overdeveloped country where man can see himself as reflected by nature in its virginal state.

WE MADE OUR WAY into this wilderness area recently to visit District Ranger Jim Hickman at the Magruder Ranger Station, some fifty miles from the nearest respectable road. Here two oddly complementary forms of transportation are most relied upon: the mule and the helicopter.

Just as we arrived, a helicopter swept in over the range to the east, circled neatly over a small pasture, and settled quietly onto a small wooden platform the size of a living-room rug. It was en route to take a crew of two men to an area burned out by a forest fire the previous week. Hickman hoped it had been the last fire of the season. A drenching rain had set in to remove the immediate danger until the following spring.

"Up to this time of the year," Hickman told us, "we could expect a fire practically every time lightning storms came along—and there were plenty of them. This time we were lucky. About thirty-five acres went up, which is relatively few when you consider the fact that the area runs up to nearly a couple of million acres. With the smoke jumpers from Missoula ready to come in, and the helicopter getting crews to the spot fast, we can usually manage to keep the fires small before they get out of hand. Transportion makes the difference."

A YOUNG MAN in his thirties, Hickman lives alone at the Magruder station, cooks his own food most of the time, and covers much of his district by horseback and pack mule after the autumn snows set in. As an executive in charge of so many acres, he spends much of his time in paperwork, figuring out how to keep the elk, bear, mountain goats, grazing lands, forests, and watersheds all in reasonably happy balance. He attended three universities and holds degrees in both chemistry and forestry. Although the radio reception is poor and there is no television in the wilderness area, he keeps up to date with *Newsweek* and reads both fiction and nonfiction, the latter mainly on outdoor life. He has no envy whatever for the city dweller, and is content to go into Hamilton (population, 2,500) on occasional weekends to reacquaint himself with civilization.

THROUGH HICKMAN, we were able to straighten out the problem we've had in telling the difference between National Parks and National Forests. The former, it seems, are set aside by acts of Congress to preserve areas of natural beauty for the public to enjoy permanently. They are kept up by the National Park Service of the Department of the Interior, and include battlefields, national cemeteries, and historic sites as well as forests. National Forests, on the other hand, can be established by proclamation of the President, and are planned and managed to allow for controlled timber cutting by private contractors, who pay for the privilege, and to keep

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forage, water, wildlife, and recreation facilities in proper balance.

Again, there's the distinction between the *wilderness* (or wild areas, such as Jim Hickman's) and the *primitive* areas, and the just plain run-of-the-mill National Forests. In 1929 the Secretary of Agriculture put Regulation L-20 into effect, providing for primitive areas where only limited construction for administrative needs would be permitted. About ten years later, the same office came out with new regulations calling for the more *primitive* primitive sections to be known as "wilderness" areas, under regulations U-1 and U-2.

MOST OF JIM HICKMAN'S area falls under this classification, but some of it has recently been reclassified as so-called multiple-use land, where controlled timber operations will be permitted under strict supervision by the U.S. Forest Service. (The pressures of civilization and the population explosion are rapidly increasing the need for lumber, water, grazing lands, recreation.) Jim Hickman, along with the entire Forest Service, is forced to walk a tightrope that will keep as many people as possible happy. It's no easy job, but the philosophy of the Service is to provide the greatest good for the greatest number, and men like Jim Hickman, who are in love with the forest, do their best. The real danger to conservation seems to lie in the timber practices on private lands. A recent Forest Service survey showed that cutting on 64 per cent of all private forest land was "poor" to "destructive," and that 28 per cent was only fair. What's more, a private observer not connected with the Forest Service told us that some private companies make a big public relations and advertising splash about "reforestation," and then cynically plants trees only along the public roads, while the unseen timber cuts lie bare and fruitless.

Because his ashes are scattered, Bernard De Voto cannot turn in his grave. But when the clouds rumble down from the Bitterroots, his spirit may well be protesting. —JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION TO LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1542)

CATHERINE D(RINKER) BOWEN: *FRANCIS BACON*

Some of Bacon's phrases are hard to understand. Did other Elizabethans use words like *assentatorily*? Did they speak of "the ways and ambages of God"? of "making words sequacious"? or describe "sophisms with their illaqueations and redargutions"?

"How are you?" he said cordially. "You have been in Afghanistan, I perceive."
Sherlock Holmes on meeting Dr. Watson*

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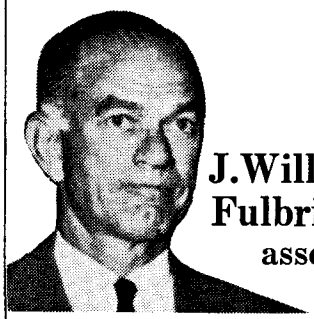

J. William Fulbright assesses

PROSPECTS FOR THE WEST

The success of the Western nations, says Senator Fulbright, depends less on their direct confrontations with the Communists than on their success in forging new bonds among themselves and on the quality of the freedom they demonstrate at home. In this brief, common-sense book, he analyzes the crucial aspects of the current scene . . . proposes policies for the world *as it exists.* $3.25

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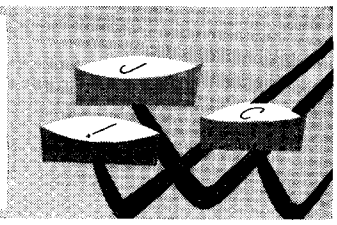
Manner of Speaking



REFLECTIONS OF A SQUARE: For $100 plus the prerequisite amnesia of what the human race has been dreaming about since the start of things, you may buy a key to the Playboy Tower of Fun recently opened in New York. Your key paid for, you may then buy your drinks at $1.50 apiece on the promise that you will overtip everyone, but especially the Bunny who is assigned to wink her assemblages at you, with the understanding that it is *infra dig* to wink back and utter social ruin to touch or even to think of touching. What you pay for, plus tips, is the basic male freedom to have nothing to do with sex when it is waved at you all over the place. A Playboynik is there to play it cool. No hot little hands, no hot little thoughts. Mr. Hefner said cool, man, cool, and Mr. Hefner has piled up something like $15,000,000 utterly detached but highly communicative dollars in the course of showing you what he means.

That Bunny-tailed Utopia Mr. Hefner has conjured into a commercial empire is the land of the ultimate gadgetry and the country of the arrested adolescent. The gadgets are clothes, bachelor apartments, sports cars, insignia, hi-fi, girls, bottle openers, sliding panels, swimming pools, and a vocabulary of unmanners. The two laws of this Utopia are Detachment and Aplomb. Thou shalt not commit Love, Mr. Hefner has announced. And thou shalt not commit Uncertainty.

Thou shalt not commit Uncertainty, for the way is known, your duty set. Your duty is, simply, to consume negligently and exquisitely but only to sip. Nothing requires a more excruciating certainty than your choice of sport cars, girls, wardrobe, or hi-fi; and, that each gadget may be perfect of its kind, Mr. Hefner has made available to all the faithful the exact specifications to which each item must answer, as well as the range of permissible latitudes.

But perfection is a sometime thing. It is your duty—if only to prove that you are no square but the splendidly conspicuous brat of affluence—to condescend to perfection. After all, next year's model will be better and you must be ready to dismiss all of this year's inventory with a bored wave of the hand.

A square, on the other hand, is one who commits affection, even to the point of attaching himself in love to some other notably non-cool and otherwise imperfect specimen or specimens of the human race. Thou shalt not be Square; neither shalt thou be a Beatnik.

The Beatniks, to be sure, have much in common with the Boyniks, but, as one major difference, Mr. Hefner's Boyniks are at least as commercial as Merrill, Lynch, Pierce, Fenner and, now, Smith. The proper Boynik was born with a gilt-edged certificate for a caul and a deceptive avarice for a heritage. He gives the easy impression of neglecting a job he is square enough to worship and shrewd enough to handle well. With his seemingly effortless income, he further distinguishes himself from the Beatnik by setting himself up in an apartment rather than a pad. And he buys and uses vastly more soap.

Both Boynik and Beatnik, however, are out to play it cool, the first with elaborate accessories, the second without. For both, however, the essential religion is detachment.

And for both, the cut-off age is about thirty. Both, after all, are cases of adolescent arrest in the affluent society, the Boynik making it on the Junior Executive credit card, the Beatnik on the allowance left him by the margin of affluence. A few from each party do, to be sure, make it into a state of permanent emotional arrest. But to most people in or related to the human family in its standing imperfections, there comes eventually a message from a pair of squares named Adam and Eve. They were squares, above all, because they could not exist except as they were paired—a shocking lack of detachment.

That message can take many forms. One of the Boyniks or Beatniks might, for example, be summoned from his negligent carouse to stand at his father's deathbed while his mother stands by—or the other way around. There it might even occur to him that the old man begot him in joy and hope and that the old woman begot him in pain and hope. It is even conceivable, despite their obvious imperfections, that they loved one another and grew together in need of one another, and that even in hag-ridden old age they are joined by a ray that encompasses even our Boynik, who, seen by the eyes of love, turns out to be someone's son and thereby a member of the human race after all, which is to say a member of the Adam and Eve Club.

Or the message might arrive in the

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happier form of an assemblage called a girl. Conceivably she might show up with all her clothes on, without even a cottontail to her Bunny-bump, without ever having taken off her clothes for a mass media camera, and even without any real knowledge of sports clubs, weskits, hi-fi components, key clubs, and other such philosophical concepts. God knows how she manages to convey her girlish message without any of the Hefner-endorsed props, but sooner or later even a Boynik tends to get the idea, and the idea begins to work on him not only to the point of a potentially non-cool attachment but even to the abyss of overt matrimony. And there's one more lost from the Key Club to the Adam and Eve Club.

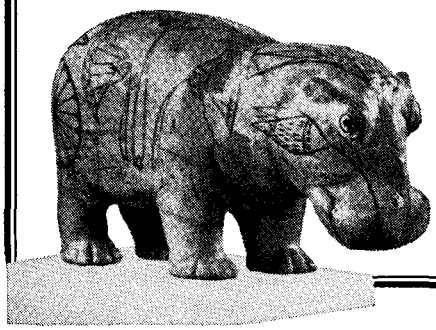
Because finally the Adam and Eve Club is the only one that endures and because not even Hugh Hefner can invent a fourth sex that actually works, sooner or later his former Boyniks and Bunnies will let their subscriptions lapse and start reading Spock. Whereupon their gadget list will begin to include such non-cool items as diapers and strollers, and their budgets will develop departments labeled "Orthodontia" and "College Fund."

Much of that will still be under the management of the affluent society. There is precious little sweat of the brow that goes into it these days: the current investment is more likely to be the twinge of anxiety.

The point, however, is that you do it together. In joy, in pain, in hope, in love, in recognition of one another's imperfections, but together. And that, friends, means by the rules of the Adam and Eve Club, right back at Cube Corners in Squaresville, which, finally, turns out to be the only enduring address for whatever Garden there can be.

—JOHN CIARDI.

6½ inch bit player in an ancient drama



ARCHAEOLOGICALLY speaking, this little fellow is young. About 3,963 years at last count. For practical reasons (and for fun) he carries his native Egyptian flora with him on his dazzling blue faïence hide—an idiosyncrasy that marks him as a far-sighted, lotus-loving Middle Kingdom hippo who shared tombs with his master's mummy.

Almost extinct, he's an amusing clue to life in the 12th Dynasty. He comes to you out of THE WORLD OF THE PAST—where the most eloquent first-hand reports by brilliant excavators, observers, and interpreters are gathered together.

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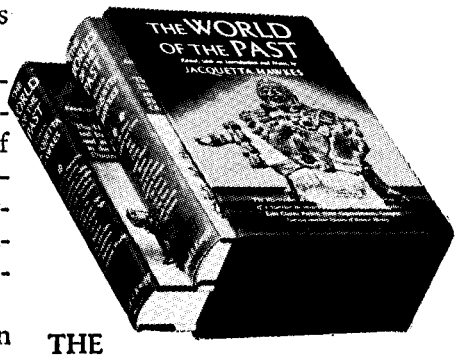
Note: Our hippo can be seen in the Guennol Collection at the Brooklyn Museum.



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Saturday Review
November 2, 1963

Through Happiness With Slide Rule and Calipers

A statistical report on the measurement of human contentment evokes some quizzical—and somewhat skeptical—queries.

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

FROM my own childhood I remember the story of a little boy whose chief delight was in his Sunday school—until a worldly uncle took him out to the ball game. That evening he announced that he was never going to Sunday school again. He had had some real fun for the first time.

Now the lesson to be learned from this story is that you can never evaluate an experience of your own without comparing it with something else and can't evaluate the experience of anyone else at all—because you can never really know what it was. When a man tells you that he enjoys Mickey Spillane and rock-'n'-roll as much as you do Tolstoy and Beethoven there is no way of knowing whether this is true or not. Maybe if he ever got from Tolstoy and Beethoven what you get he would not waste time on his present favorites.

This is one of the many reasons why sociological measurements of contentment, or efforts to determine what people ought to have in the way of education, employment, and "standard of living" to make them happy, are very nearly meaningless. You can't tell how much contentment they expect or have ever known. This man's contentment may be what those who have been used to a richer life would call dissatisfaction or even misery. We can't even know whether or not it is true that most men lead lives of quiet desperation.

These ponderous reflections were inspired by a recent report from the National Opinion Research Center at the University of Chicago entitled *In Pursuit of Happiness—A Pilot Study of Behavior Related to Mental Health*. I presume that it is well done as such things go and that its "methodology" would be approved by other sociologists. But my own first reaction is simply this: the war between science and religion will be settled long before that between literature and sociology. The proponents of each were born under different stars and are equally incapable of seeing the same things as either significant or interesting.

To the sociologist it seems that the poet and the philosopher deal only in opinions and guesses for which they offer no substantiating proof and that they inhabit what I once heard a professor of sociology describe as "the never-never land of the humanities." To those who, for good or ill, exemplify what is called "the literary mind," the sociologist seems, on the other hand, to pretend to define the indefinable, to measure the unmeasurable, and then to come up with conclusions that are either not demonstrated at all or, quite as frequently, so obvious that they need no demonstration.

Before I go into more detail concerning any of the charges that I make so recklessly, let me give two specific examples of, first, the laboriously demonstrated obvious and, second, the measurement of the unmeasurable.

EXAMPLE 1. On the basis of answers given to a questionnaire concerning things the questioned worry about, it is stated that only 4 per cent of those under fifty, as opposed to 21 per cent of those fifty or over, worry about growing old. Do we need any ghost come from the grave or any researcher from a National Research Center to tell us that? Without any investigation whatever I venture to state that only a fraction of 1 per cent of those under six worry at all about growing old—unless you count worrying because they are not growing old as fast as they would like.

EXAMPLE 2. In an elaborate analysis of a set of figures dealing with a) the degree to which a subject calls himself "happy" and b) how much worrying he thinks he does, I read the following:

> Somewhat surprisingly, however, there is no relation between positive feelings and intensity of worry, 23% of both those with high and with low positive feelings and intensity of worry reporting that they worry a lot. We find also that men with high anxiety (34% as against 20% of the lows), those with high marital tension (26% as against 19% of the lows), and those with low job satisfaction (26% as against 18% of the highs) report worrying a lot. Intensity of worry is thus negatively related to well-being.

This is a real beaut. Note first the statistical proof of the obvious, namely the fact that those who are anxious and don't like their wives or their jobs worry

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more than those who are serene, happily married, and content with their jobs. Note second the gobbledygook. Instead of saying that those who say they worry a lot are not less likely than others to say that they are happy, you get "intensity of worry thus is negatively related to well-being." Note third that this supposed paradox is easily resolved on the basis of common-sense observation concerning the vagueness of the units of measurement and the subjective nature of the individual's estimate of his own condition. In the first place "a lot" is not a meaningful unit of measurement. In the second place, it seems obvious enough that when two individuals are asked whether or not they worry "a lot" the answer may depend upon how much worry each thinks is inevitable and how much he supposes most other people do. "A lot" may be very little to one, a great deal to another. Talk about the literary man's being merely subjective! There is no way of correlating external situations or even behavior patterns with the inner state that constitutes "happiness."

Ever since literature began it has had a good deal to say and even more to imply about happiness. Sociology is a much more recent enterprise and my impression is ("my impression"; there, says the sociologist, is the literary mind at work) that it was rather late in its own development before it took up happiness in addition to more tangible subjects. Presently I shall give some examples of the kind of thing literature on the one hand and sociology on the other have had to say on this subject, but first I must insist that it seems to me (there goes the literary mind again) that an important difference between the two is that sociology, (unlike literature), professes to be a science and therefore has no right to talk about anything unless it can be clearly defined. Yet when the study under consideration attempts to define what it proposes to investigate it takes uneasy refuge by saying that "the underlying assumption of this research is that there is a dimension called variously mental health, subjective adjustment, happiness, or psychological well-being. . . . At present there is neither a generally agreed upon name for this dimension nor agreement as to the appropriate methods of deciding where a particular individual should be placed on such a dimension. . . . The pilot study reported here was undertaken in the belief that much of the disagreement stems from a basic lack of knowledge about the behavior of people leading normal lives."

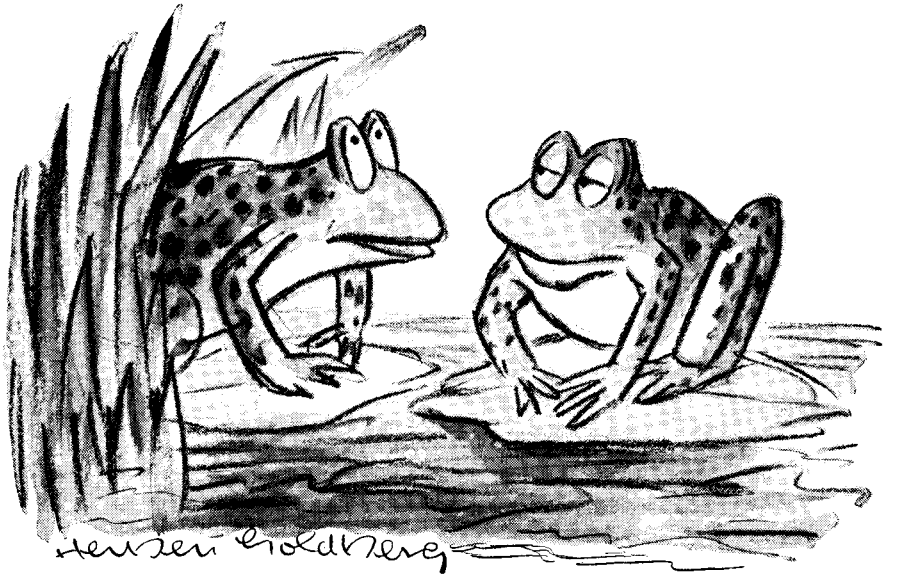
Was there ever such a mare's nest of definitions in terms of things not themselves defined and equatings of the dubiously equatable? What is a normal life; or is it merely an average one? If "mental health" is synonymous with "happiness," if happiness is defined as "subjective well-being" and subjective well-being defined as "adjustment" and "adjustment" defined as "that which provides a normal life," which is to say "a happy life," how do we break out of this circular series of definitions? And of course there are also all the now-familiar questions concerning adjustment as an ideal.

EVEN more important is the fact that the whole of the ancient dispute about the contentment of a contented hog and the discontent of a discontented Socrates pops up. The present study seems to imply that the state of the contented (or shall we say "adjusted" and "normal") hog is to be preferred to that of the discontented Socrates, or at least may be compared with it. But Samuel Johnson (a man of letters) says something on the subject which a sociologist might ponder before he attempts to penetrate the secret of content and adjustment. Boswell is reporting:

> I mentioned Hume's notion that all who are happy are equally happy; a little miss with a new gown at a dancing school ball, a general at the head of a victorious army, and an orator, after having made an eloquent speech in a great assembly. *Johnson:* Sir, that all who are happy, are equally happy is not true. A peasant and a philosopher may be equally *satisfied* but not equally *happy*. . . . I remember this very question very happily illustrated in opposition to Hume, by the Reverend Mr. Robert Brown, at Utrect. "A small drinking glass and a large one, may be equally full; but the large one holds more than the small."

Questionnaires take the replies of any subject at face value; the questioner must assume that any man's reply is as reliable as that of any other. Hence he might find himself compelled to conclude that the well-fed hog wallowing in his sty was more content (therefore "happier," "better adjusted to a normal life," and in sounder "mental health") than the grumbling philosopher. There is no place in the present study where divine discontent may be recorded.

The person being questioned is occasionally asked such a question as "Did you feel on top of the world any time last week?" But "happy" seems often to mean "not unhappy" and the key terms —"mental health," "adjustment," and "normal"—are all rather negative, while happiness is or ought to be positive. Contrast the sociologist's few drab



"I can only hope when I become a prince again it hasn't changed into a democracy."

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words, all of which are assumed to refer to approximately the same thing, with the rich vocabulary of literature that recognizes an extensive hierarchy, every level of which implies a discrimination instead of assuming a dubious identity. This hierarchy might run something like this: Contentment, amusement, fun, pleasure, happiness, delight, joy, ecstasy. It is true that literature does not attempt to define these terms and the sociologists will say that they are vague. But there is a complexity that the man of letters is aware of and the sociologist obscures.

At about the same time I began to read *In Pursuit of Happiness* I found in my newspaper a reporter's account of a check-up visit to a couple that had been married for seventeen years. He found them happy (the word is his) and got the opinion of a neighbor that the marriage had turned out better than most of those in the neighborhood, even though this "happy" couple lived in near destitution in a shack on a rutted dirt road in Kentucky.

Even this would not have made them newsworthy, but another fact did: Seventeen years ago, when the wedding took place, the husband was seventeen and the wife seventy-seven. I suppose that the sociologist would find them not "normal" (*i.e.*, average) but I don't see how he could escape the conclusion that they were, by his own definition, happy and well adjusted. Moreover, they enjoy a high degree of "job (or jobless) satisfaction" since they are content to live on the wife's relief payments.

Those of us who are blessed or cursed with the literary mind would not be greatly distressed by this happy couple's failure to be "normal" since we have no prejudice in favor of what we prefer to call, not the normal, but the average. We would, however, question the significance of the broad term "happy" and ask, "Where do they stand on the amusement, fun, pleasure, joy, and ecstasy scale?" Though both we and the sociologists will probably agree that the situation of this contented couple is not the most desirable one, literature would throw more light than sociology does on the question why most of us would not change places with either the ninety-four-year-old wife or the thirty-four-year-old husband. Neither would know how to make all men happy, but I still think that a familiarity with the best that has been thought and said by men of letters is more helpful than all the sociologists' statistics.

Misguided attempts to deal quantitatively with so complex a thing as happiness are the enemies of literature and perhaps of happiness itself because they encourage us to assume both that one kind of happiness is the same as another and that they are equally valuable. In fact nothing is more important, prudentially or morally, than the realization that whether or not the pursuit of happiness is a legitimate chief aim depends upon which of the many happinesses one chooses and upon the means used to pursue it. Taken seriously, statistical studies are all too likely to teach us only how to become dismally "adjusted." Is it safe to take seriously a study in which you put in the same category everyone who says that he frequently feels "on top of the world," even though feeling on top of the world may mean anything from the friskiness of a puppy to the joy celebrated in the Ninth Symphony?

HERE, chosen almost at random, are some of the things that some of the best thinkers and sayers have had to say on the general subject of happiness —which Alexander Pope called "our being's end and aim." They are wildly diverse, sometimes flatly contradictory, and range upward from the profound pessimism with which my little anthology begins. But for all their inconclusiveness they tell us more about the experience of being human than all the sociologists' demonstrations that job satisfaction contributes to contentment and that older men worry more than young ones about growing old.

"The natural progress of the human mind is not from pleasure to pleasure but from hope to hope" (Johnson); "None would live past years again yet all hope pleasure from what yet remain" (Dryden); "Call that man happy and that man alone he who can call today his own" (Horace); "Pleasures are like poppys spread; you seize the flower the bloom is dead" (Burns); "We are never as lucky or as unlucky as we believe" (La Rochefoucauld); "Pleasure and beauty are byproducts: The direct pursuit of pleasure and beauty is folly" (Bernard Shaw); "Young men spend their time anticipating the future: Old men in remembering the past" (Anonymous); "Better a dinner of herbs where love is than a stalled ox with hate" (the Bible); "Rarely, rarely comest thou, spirit of delight" (Shelley); "Many green islands there must be/In the wide sea of misery" (Shelley); "That sad word joy" (Landor); "I have known such joys as might have inspired a Homer or a Shakespeare" (Thoreau); "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world" (Browning); "I have a lover's quarrel with life" (Robert Frost).

It is true that poets have more often written odes to dejection than exclaimed with Shelley "The world's great age begins anew" or with Donne "And now good morrow to our waking souls." But even in that fact there may lie the useful suggestion that to expect joy too

"You don't have to take it yourself—simply spray it around on the people who are bugging you!"

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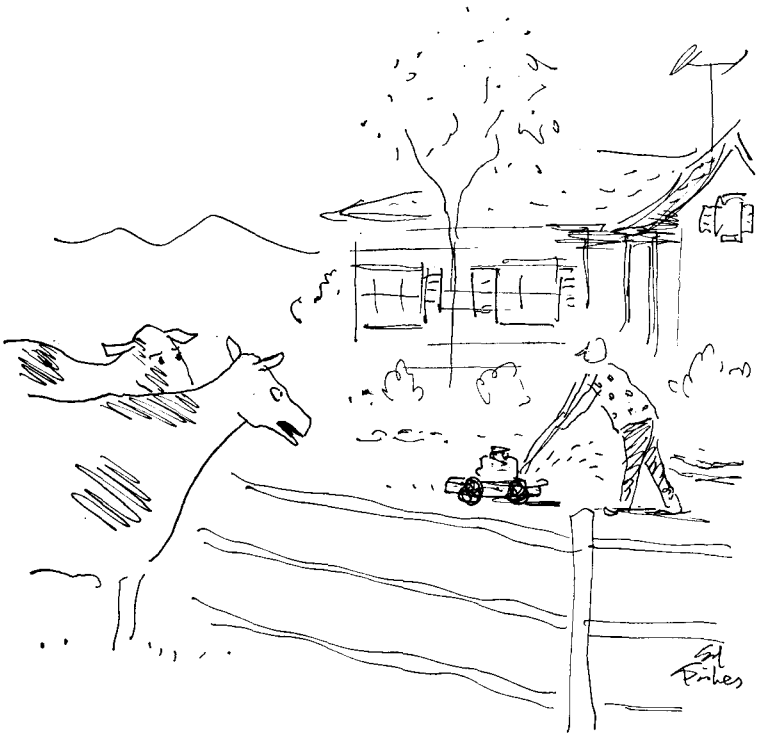
often is to experience it less frequently; and literature, unlike sociology, offers consolation. Isn't Frost's lover's quarrel with life more fruitful than "adjustment"?

Since I would not like to deprive anyone of legitimate aid in reaching "our being's end and aim," I will pass on to those who may find them useful a few of the conclusions based on this "pilot study" of 2,006 persons, of whom 24 per cent said they were "very happy," 59 per cent "pretty happy," and 17 per cent "not too happy."

College graduates with incomes of $7,000 a year or more are happier than those who have had no formal education past grammar school and who make less than $3,000. But before you decide to make yourself happier by achieving some higher learning, consider a further fact: "When the income is the same, the better educated are less happy than their less cultivated counterparts. Single women are only slightly more unhappy than married women, but single men are twice as unhappy as married men." The conclusion for those who put their faith in statistics as a guide would seem to be, first, don't get too much education unless you think you are going to earn a considerable income and, second, if you are a man make every effort to find a wife, while, if you are a woman, leave marriage or single blessedness up to chance while you concentrate on goals like "job satisfaction" that are more likely to affect your happiness.

A MORE general conclusion is that the degree of happiness is influenced more by positive satisfactions than by dissatisfactions so that those who have many worries will nevertheless call themselves happy if they have many "positive feelings." "Happiness is a resultant of the relative strengths of positive and negative feelings rather than of the absolute amount of one or the other." These all-important positive feelings are said to be most likely to be dominant in those who are active participants in social gatherings. (This is a good place to point out that, however true this may be statistically, it doesn't mean that "togetherness" will necessarily produce results.) Thoreau—who, I suppose, was not "normal"—was one of the few men who have ever called themselves almost unqualifiedly happy. But I doubt that he would have been so if he had read a pilot study and decided to mend his ways. Statistics take no account of those who prefer to hear a different drummer.

Perhaps, indeed, the most important of all the limitations of the sociological method is the result of its usual assumption that happiness or unhappiness



"What offends me is their cutting it and not eating it."

is principally dependent upon some external condition; that we are as content or malcontent as our situation ought to make us. Yet all human experience, as well as most literature, recognizes that such is very far from being the case. In his book on Dickens, Gilbert Chesterton points out that this extravagant optimist became such long before he had escaped from the misfortunes which persistently dogged his boyhood, and he adds other examples to support the paradox that personal experience does not make optimists or pessimists. Even more relevant perhaps are the lines Samuel Johnson added at the end of Goldsmith's "The Traveller":

> How small of all that human hearts endure,
> That part which kings or laws can cause or cure.
> Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
> Our own felicity we make or find.

Little things, even trivial things, often make us happy, while catastrophes are often surmounted. We go up or down for unreasonable reasons, finding the world alternately bright or dark because we are, as Pope said, "too soon dejected and too soon elated." All things considered, we can learn more about happiness as an inner and wayward state from *Happiness Is a Warm Puppy* than from the ambitious compilation of the answers to a sociologist's questionnaire.

To those who are already pretty normal and well adjusted but who would like to be even more so, such conclusions as this study offers may prove helpful, though the already normal should be warned that even among such one man's meat is sometimes another man's poison and that in the case of any thoughtful individual his own opinion of what would make him happy may be a safer guide than statistics. Even by strict mathematics he is at least one-fourth as likely to belong to the 25 per cent who react one way as to the 75 per cent who react another, and if he is the kind of man who turns to books for guidance he is much more likely than the percentage would suggest to be among the minority. Only those who have none of that self-knowledge that has sometimes been called the beginning of wisdom, and that literature endeavors to communicate, should play the game of life as though it were bridge (or even poker), where the odds are the same from one person to the next.

As for me, I shall continue to feel that for all the contradictions that literature exhibits, I get most enlightenment and most help in the conduct of my own life from those who dwell in what the sociologist called the never-never land of the humanities. And I have an uneasy conviction that the more legislators and educators come to rely on the sociologists' findings, the less the society they help to make will encourage the development of those "abnormal" and "maladjusted" individuals who have contributed so much to the civilization from which they dissent.

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Weighing the Advantages

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Henry Brandon, associate editor and Washington correspondent for the Sunday Times of London.*

A SENSE of relief and at the same time a certain feeling of uneasiness pervades Europe now in the aftermath of the Soviet-American agreement limiting nuclear testing. "How can one be against a step that reduces international tension and puts a stop to poisoning the atmosphere?" I heard the words time and again on my recent travels between Bonn and Istanbul—mostly from ordinary people. Yet at least some statesmen and politicians also expressed apprehension about a policy fostering a *détente*.

The feelers for a *détente* put out by Moscow and reciprocated by President Kennedy have divided the West into two camps: those who believe that nothing will change, that this is a futile exercise, and those who believe that it is worth pursuing. In West Germany it aroused more suspicion than anywhere else. There is always the fear that German interests may be lost on the shifting sands of Soviet-American diplomacy. In Italy and Greece I found concern among many that a *détente* and a friendly Soviet image will only further the popularity of their respective Communist parties. And in Turkey—though there was a certain relief, as one can expect in a country living cheek-to-cheek with the Soviet Union—there was fear that American aid subsidies might be cut and that this would further aggravate internal problems. In France, American efforts to negotiate with the Soviet Union are considered naïve. Furthermore, it is General de Gaulle's deep conviction that it is not for the United States to negotiate with the Soviet Union about the future of Europe—that this is a task for the Europeans, and for France in particular.

But by a coincidence of history the Russo-American probes for a *détente* coincide with a change of the regime in Germany. Chancellor Adenauer was one of the protagonists of what the French call "immobilism." Some ten years ago he explained to me how a strong and prosperous West Germany was bound to act like a magnet toward East Germany, thereby leading to reunification. But the popular desire in Germany has given the United States a slightly freer hand in probing Moscow's intentions.

The "Maginot Line" mentality—or the "fortress strategy," as it is often called in Germany today—which dates back to Stalin, Acheson, and Dulles, had become a habit: it offered a comfortable feeling of security and it made diplomacy, because of the clear limitations it imposed, so much simpler. The flexible approach really began when Khrushchev introduced more free-wheeling tactics, convinced that the "inevitability of history" theory would work in his favor.

Then, when President Kennedy came to power, he, too, felt that the time had come to experiment with new approaches to the Russians, confident on his part that it would be to the advantage of the West. The fiasco in the Bay of Pigs delayed the new maneuvering; but after he had put the fear of God into Khrushchev as he forced his missiles out of Cuba and when, in addition, the Sino-Soviet conflict had reached a decisive crossroad, the situation in Moscow was ripe for making new overtures toward a *détente*.

The new German outlook is based on the belief, shared in Washington, that the status quo in Germany is to the advantage of the Communists because it solidifies what they already control. Moreover, Germany's reunification, though it still remains the ultimate goal, now has a different priority: it is no longer the precondition to any progress in negotiations for a *détente*.

NOT long ago the sober *Sueddeutsche Zeitung* of Munich pointed out that the Americans have asked Bonn time and again: "What suggestions do you have to offer to accomplish the reunification of Germany?" and it went on to say that, because no ideas were offered, the Americans had no alternative but to orient themselves along the lines of practical politics pursued by the Bonn government. One was the relatively lively trading with a nonexistent country (East Germany); the other was the decision to resume diplomatic relations with the Soviet Union. The author of the editorial then suggested that it is not unreasonable if the Western powers attach less significance to the welling up of German feelings about reunification when Bonn's aim is not the re-establishment of "the unity of the German State" but the alleviation of the lot of the unhappy people who live in the Eastern zone, who yearn for more freedom."

The candid writer concludes that it is therefore understandable that in the view of responsible Americans this can be accomplished only through a relaxation of tension. Meanwhile, Gerhard Schroeder, the German Foreign Minister, has publicly stated that the new German policy is based on the idea that if progress on some peripheral East-West problems results in a *détente* it may then make it easier to tackle the more stubborn central issues. To the status quo-minded this is anathema, but I found that more and more Germans see the logic of the argument. Perhaps easier contacts between West and East Germany will help the East Germans feel less isolated, perhaps it will infuse more hope for the future into their lives.

Still, it will not be easy for Herr

(*Continued on page* 55)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

POINTS SOUTH

A THOUSAND LOUD *olés* for your monumental October 12 issue on Latin America!

So difficult and diffuse a topic has been masterfully treated; your undertaking of such a challenging task did, indeed, require a bravery comparable to that of the *conquistadores*.

It is required reading not merely for those of us who happen to be teachers of Spanish but for any knowledgeable citizen who realizes the import of Latin America's role in the twentieth century.

Olé to you and your staff for a job well done!

KATHERINE HAMPARES,
Jersey City State College.
Jersey City, N.J.

ANATOMY OF REVOLUTION

TEODORO MOSCOSO'S article "The New World of Latin America" [*SR*, Oct. 12] was a lucid presentation of the U.S. plan for disaster in that critical area. Again we are reminded that U.S. policy makers have no clear notion of the necessary goals in Latin America.

Mr. Moscoso says, "The alternative is not between the status quo and violent revolution. The alternative is between peaceful and violent revolution." By now it should be clear that the alternative is between anti-American and pro-American revolution, whether or not the change is peaceful. If violent overthrow of ineffective regimes is necessary to achieve socio-economic reform in time, the U.S. should offer clandestine encouragement and support for the revolutionaries if they exist; find and train them if they do not.

Mr. Moscoso also says, "The criterion for a country's claim on outside assistance should be its self-help record." This may sound good to Congressional committeemen, but how are oppressed *people* going to impress Congressmen with a "self-help record"? Again we are making the fatal mistake of dealing with governments to the exclusion of the people.

Mr. Moscoso's article was not encouraging.

GEORGE PAGE.
Cambridge, Mass.

"WHAT CAN WE DO?"

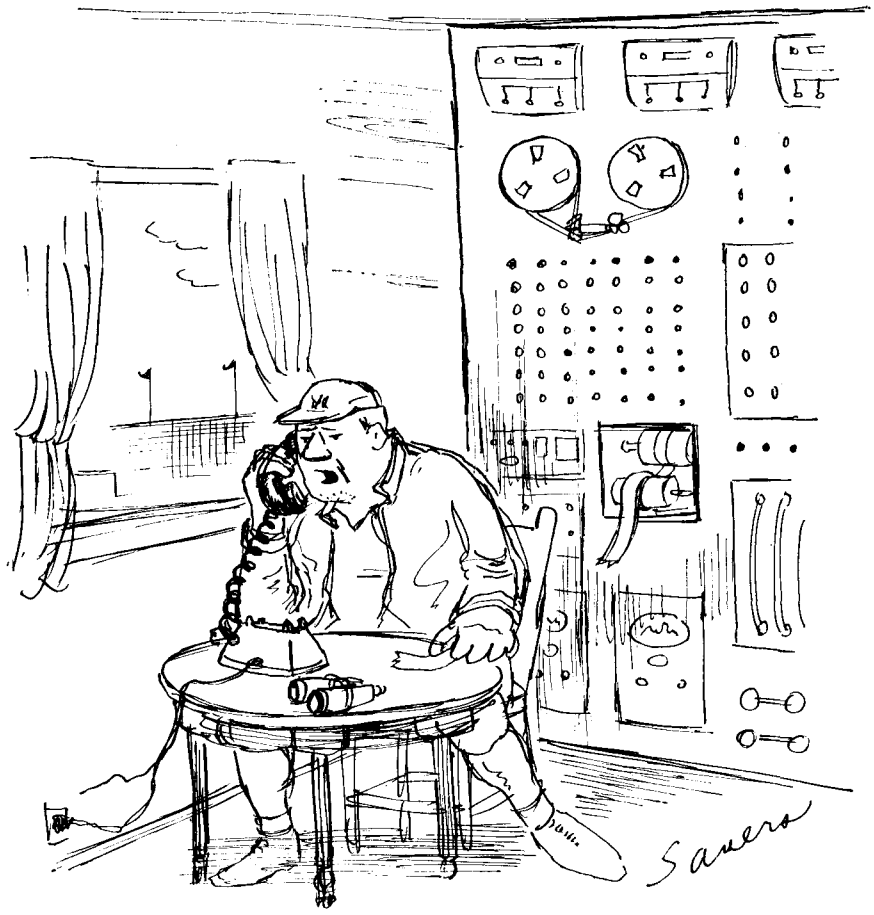
WHY HAVE OUR newspapers not published the following news, which was read into the *Congressional Record* by Senator Paul H. Douglas on September 4, 1963?

Two white women gave firsthand accounts of their experiences in Southern jails. One was Joyce Barrett, twenty-four-year-old graduate of Temple University and cousin of Representative William A. Barrett of Pennsylvania. She was jailed, with another white woman, in Albany, Georgia, for passing out voter registration leaflets on the streets. She was sentenced to thirty days in the Albany city jail. She told of unspeakable conditions in the jail, one of which she described as follows: "We were stripped in view of male prisoners in the cell block. Our toilet facilities were next to a male cell with no separation in between. The policeman came and stared at us, making insinuations about our morals and taunting us for our beliefs." The Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, with which Miss Barrett works, "has filed more than 100 affidavits with the Justice Department in the last year and a half with scant result." Why?

The other firsthand account was reported by Mrs. Jacob Karro, wife of a Labor Department lawyer and mother of three children. She was arrested in Danville, Virginia, for carrying a placard saying "No More Segregation" in a demonstration for more job opportunities for Negroes. Her accounts of conditions in the jail are reminiscent of the horrors of Nazi concentration camps. For example, from her cell in the white section of the jail, she "could hear young Negro girls who had been arrested for demonstrating crying and screaming for their mothers when they were abused through painful pelvic examinations." (Other sources have ascertained that these examinations were conducted by fellow prisoners, not by doctors, nurses, or medical technicians.)

Can any of us in this country sit back in comfort and permit such things to occur in another part of the country? What can we do within our own communities, North or South, to eliminate the conditions that build up to these atrocities?

IDA H. DAY.
RICHARD L. DAY.
Pittsburgh, Pa.



"Do what it says, dammit—*punt!*

ALAS POOR *HAMLET*

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND John Ciardi's sudden change of tone in *SR*'s September 28 issue regarding Irving Fiske's modern-English *Hamlet*. Did the letters from outraged traditionalists cause Mr. Ciardi to feel that he'd been too daring in printing excerpts from such a refreshingly audacious piece of work?

I read the excerpts from the Fiske *Hamlet* in the August 3 issue with a great deal of interest and excitement. . . .

MRS. WILLIAM H. O'CONNOR.
Old Tappan, N.J.

AS A STUDENT at a California junior college, I was very interested in the article on the modern *Hamlet*. I do not feel that John Ciardi's sharp comments were true, and I was very disappointed that more of Mr. Fiske's *Hamlet* was not presented. It read beautifully like modern poetry and

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

In Love with a Horrible Guy

IT WAS a bad week for New Yorkers. The *Mirror* folded, the Living Theatre died, and Mary Martin opened in *Jennie*. The least important of these catastrophes was the long-awaited musical. As one watches Miss Martin cheerily and energetically persisting through the dull and strained collage of numbers that makes clichéd and ordinary all that may have been special and extraordinary in the early years of Laurette Taylor's career, one begins to suspect that Miss Martin may well be the prisoner of her own cockeyed optimism. For why else did she go ahead with such an uninspired piece of work as *Jennie?*

Arnold Schulman's book, "suggested" by the biography *Laurette*, wanders in stage Irish to show us, first, the brave Jennie in love with her psychopathically optimistic and drunken no-good husband, and, finally, her decision to leave him for a less exciting but better-mannered British playwright.

Because the show doesn't really want to dig beneath the surface of these shifting relationships, it turns to a more obvious and trite dredging up of the color of 1906 show biz. There is an elaborate, old-fashioned melodrama spoof featuring a real waterfall designed by the man whose complex stage machinery has been the main attraction at Jones Beach in recent summers, George Jenkins. Game for anything, Miss Martin crawls out on the limb of a cracking tree to pluck her baby out of a basket just before we see the basket whisked over the top of the falls. And near the end of the evening, Miss Martin lets herself be tied upside down to a torture wheel and then revolved. While in her youth she might have objected to such strenuous activity, she now does it again and again.

In between these two production numbers there are mild jokes and occasional exercise. George Wallace shows us the empty charm of a husband who refers to his children as "pygmies," and Robin Bailey offers us the familiar humor and poignancy of "British reserve." One dance number parodying the dances of the period only reminds us that *Jennie* is not really a musical comedy, but a slice-of-saga with songs.

Unfortunately, these songs, which are hardly heard to best advantage through microphones, cancel out the professional skill of Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz because of their uninteresting and unambitious content.

While Meredith Willson's new musical, *Here's Love*, based on the film *Miracle on Thirty-Fourth Street*, is also tamely routine and undistinguished, it has at least two advantages over *Jennie*. It contains Michael Kidd's rousing and imaginatively staged version of Macy's Thanksgiving day parade, and Mr. Willson's lyrics are above criticism, for somehow they manage to defy recall. Furthermore, the show is suitable for children and, for want of competition, should run until the day we all throw out our Christmas trees.

While Henry Denker's *A Case of Libel*, based on Louis Nizer's book *My Life in Court*, has color and dramatic intrigue and ends with virtue triumphant, it is a fairly stock treatment of the material. Apparently based on the Quentin Reynolds lawsuit against Westbrook Pegler, it implies that there was a Freudian base to a famous columnist's denunciation of a colleague as an offensive sexual misbehaver, but demonstrated instead that the denouncing columnist's weakness was a sincere but ruthlessly vicious compulsion to interpret any criticism of himself as a Communist-inspired attack on the kind of country he thought America should be. Thus, onstage at least, the defendant emerges as too transparently guilty.

Robert Noah's *The Advocate*, which many TV viewers saw on their sets the same evening it opened on Broadway, has from the beginning two handicaps. First of all, the best speech in this re-exploration of the Sacco-Vanzetti trials was better done in *The Male Animal*. And no matter how much James Daly, as the defense counsel, raises our hopes, we remain depressed because we know that it is going to turn out badly for the apparently innocent victims.

The play begins to be interesting as it illustrates the gradual growth of a conservative Boston gentleman into a bitter, shouting fanatic whose obsession with an injustice quite understandably makes him *persona non grata* in a society where logic is placed ahead of truth, good manners are equated with dispassion, and preservation of things as they are justifies overlooking any human consideration that might be disturbing. If the play had concentrated more on this, and less on the details of the old case, it could have been fascinating. [EDITOR'S NOTE: As *SR* went to press, it was announced that *The Advocate* had closed.]

—HENRY HEWES.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

PLACE NAMES IN PLAY TITLES

Following are the titles of twenty plays, each containing the name of a city; opposite are the names of the authors. R. B. Stone of Brunswick, Maine, asks you to find the correct author for each title. Answers on page 33.

1. *Angelo, Tyrant of Padua*	( ) Maxwell Anderson
2. *The Barber of Seville*	( ) Harley Granville Barker
3. *Barefoot in Athens*	( ) Philip Barry
4. *Bound East for Cardiff*	( ) Philippe Beaumarchais
5. *The Dover Road*	( ) Dion Boucicault
6. *The Duke of Pawtucket*	( ) Edward Bulwer-Lytton
7. *Geneva*	( ) Rachel Field
8. *Hassan, or the Golden Journey to Samarkand*	( ) James Elroy Flecker
9. *The Lady of Lyons*	( ) Victor Hugo
10. *London Assurance*	( ) A. A. Milne
11. *Londonderry Air*	( ) Langdon Mitchell
12. *The Madras House*	( ) Eugene O'Neill
13. *The New York Idea*	( ) Thomas Otway
14. *The Philadelphia Story*	( ) Elmer Rice
15. *The Road to Rome*	( ) William Shakespeare
16. *See Naples and Die*	( ) George Bernard Shaw
17. *To Damascus*	( ) Richard Brinsley Sheridan
18. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*	( ) Robert E. Sherwood
19. *A Trip to Scarborough*	( ) August Strindberg
20. *Venice Preserved*	( ) Augustus Thomas

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19 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "The Promised End," by Stanley Edgar Hyman

20 On the Fringe, by Haskel Frankel

21 Apollinaire: Poet Among the Painters, by Francis Steegmuller

22 John Keats, the Making of a Poet, by Aileen Ward; John Keats, by Walter Jackson Bate

23 A Life in Photography, by Edward Steichen

26 The New Statesman: The History of the First Fifty Years 1913-1963, by Edward Hyams; New Statesmanship: An Anthology, selected by Edward Hyams

27 Scrutiny: A Quarterly Review, 1932-1953, edited by F. R. Leavis and others

28 Bosnian Chronicle, by Ivo Andric; Montenegro, by Milovan Djilas

29 We Never Make Mistakes, by Alexander Solzhenitsyn

32 The Elephant, by Slawomir Mrozek

33 The Trial of Charles de Gaulle, by Alfred Fabre-Luce

34 The Domesticated Americans, by Russell Lynes

34 The Girls We Leave Behind, by Jerome Beatty, Jr.

35 Back Talk, by Jerome Weidman

36 SR's Check List of Current Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Canon of a Critic at Arms

FOR THE past two years Stanley Edgar Hyman has been brightening the literary scene with his reviews in the *New Leader*. He is not, to be sure, an infallible critic: he can be brutally unjust, as in his reviews of James Baldwin's *Another Country* and Herbert Gold's *Salt*, and he is sometimes obtuse, as in his review of Muriel Spark's *The Girls of Slender Means*. But he always has something to say, and usually it is something perceptive as well as provocative.

Hyman has proved himself to be a lively literary journalist, but he is a good deal more than that. In 1948 he published a controversial book about critics and criticism, *The Armed Vision*, and last year came *The Tangled Bank*, a study of Marx, Darwin, Freud, and Fraser. The latter, I am sorry to say, I have not read; but I am sure that it is, as it has been described, a work of erudition and insight.

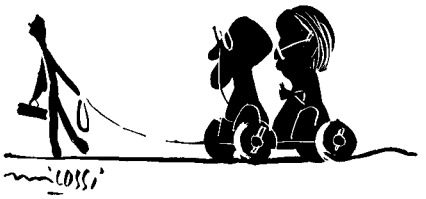
Now, in *The Promised End* (World, $6.50), he has brought together some twenty-five essays and reviews written over the past twenty years. Merely to list the categories in which the pieces are arranged is to suggest the range of Hyman's interests: literature, psychology and religion, dictionaries, ballads and folklore, and cultural trends.

Nor is he in any sense a dilettante or sciolist; when he does a job, he does it. The reviews of the various dictionaries, for example—*Oxford Classical Dictionary*, *Standard Dictionary of Folklore*, the Evanses' *Dictionary of Contemporary Usage*, and the *Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church*—are marvels of diligence. The two pieces on the Dead Sea Scrolls show a remarkable mastery of a large body of material. An essay entitled "The Ritual View of Myth and Mythic," in tracing the history of this particular approach, names more than fifty books and shows a familiarity with most of them.

In his preface Hyman writes:

> The arrangement here is chronological only within groupings by topic, which tends to obscure the shift in my ambitions and preoccupations over the years. The essays of the Forties are concerned with American literature and civilization; in the early Fifties, the focus is on folk literature; then psychology, anthropology, even theology are raided; finally there is a more general and better-informed interest in the relations of literature to the culture . . .
>
> What unity these essays have is the unity of my own sensibility as it performs the varied acts of criticism. Beyond that the essays have a few common themes that never disappear: the ritual origins of myth; the importance of a true folk tradition for art; the tragic vision; literature as secular salvation and redemption; the painful difficulty of being a writer in America.

As Hyman notes, these themes frequently recur. The fullest discussion of the origins of myth is found in the carefully documented essay I have already mentioned, "The Ritual View of Myth and Mythic," but the general subject is taken up in six or eight different connections. On the relationship between ritual and myth Hyman seems perfectly sound, but I am not always convinced by what he says about myth and literature. (The essay on Thoreau is a case in point; I can go a long way with it but not the whole distance.) On the other hand, his comments on folk tradition and art are persuasive, and he always writes well on folk literature.



"The Tragic Vision" concisely states Hyman's general philosophy, but I was more interested in "Psychoanalysis and the Climate of Tragedy," which defends orthodox Freudianism largely on the ground that it is compatible with the tragic view of life, whereas the attitudes of the revisionists are not. "It is my belief," Hyman states, "that the writings of Sigmund Freud once again make a tragic view possible for the modern

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mind." He is consequently scornful of Karen Horney, Erich Fromm, and Harry Stack Sullivan. (After quoting from one of Sullivan's disciples, he says, "An inch or two further, and we are lying down in green pastures beside Norman Vincent Peale.") "The trouble with the revisionist Freudians," he sums up, "is not that they would give up art for the psychoanalytic good society, but that they pretend that it is already here, that we are well when we are in fact desperately ill, and they drive out art when it is almost the only honest doctor who will tell us the truth." On the other hand, he is careful to make it clear that he does not regard Freud's writings as sacrosanct and incapable of being improved upon.

As to "the painful difficulty of being a writer in America," being a writer anywhere is difficult, and it is obviously more difficult in some countries—*e.g.*, the Soviet Union—than in the United States. Whether it is less difficult in other countries isn't easy to say, but what I have read by and about contemporary Western European writers doesn't suggest that they have an easy time. That there are some peculiarly American difficulties is certain; but I am not so unhappy about them as Hyman, for I do not believe, as he does, that our literature—he is talking specifically about fiction—is steadily deteriorating.

ALL in all, the book is more interesting than most such miscellaneous collections are. I have spoken of Hyman's varied interests, his erudition, and his diligence. There are other things to say. He has a hard, sharp, quick mind, and, like most persons with such minds, tends to be a little overbearing. He can be witty, usually at somebody else's expense. He observes in the preface, "A stridency or shrillness of tone reaches a height in 1949, as though the author of those pieces (I can hardly recognize him as myself) really despaired of it all; after that the tone grows more genial and may now even seem benign." I find few traces of benignity in Hyman's recent work, either in the essays printed here or in the reviews in the *New Leader*. On the other hand, I think that Hyman's consistent asperity is one of the reasons why one wants to read him. Yet the pleasure he takes in denunciation sometimes betrays him. I once said that he would rather damn a good book than praise a bad one, and, though he denies it, I believe it is true. Somewhere in the book he speaks of himself as an endomorph, but he must have a large mesomorphic component to be so fond of a fight. There are, however, worse faults in a critic than belligerency, and most of the time Hyman is fighting in good causes. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

ON THE FRINGE

A Bad Day for Watchdogs

I'M NOBODY'S FOOL—well, anyway, that's how I see it—so when I came across Simon & Schuster's huge anthology *The Fireside Treasury of Modern Humor* (986 pages, 164 selections) and saw that it was edited by Scott Meredith, I grabbed pad and pencil and charged out of my apartment, fiery-eyed, in search of the truth. What is a literary agent doing turning out an anthology? Everyone knows that agents are strictly businessmen. I smelled something big.

All the way up to the Meredith office I jotted down questions that would expose the chicanery behind the production of this book. "Find out what qualifies S.M. as an authority on humor." "What about his clients? Bet they are all represented in the book." Oh, I'd unmask this man, all right. "The watchdog of publishing," that's what they'd be calling me.

When I entered my quarry's office I was momentarily unnerved. The man behind the desk was no mustachioed villain capable of tying an authoress to a bad contract, but a pleasant-looking fellow in shirt sleeves, with a crew cut and spectacles surrounding untroubled brown eyes. I shook hands, even accepted a cigarette and puffed on it in silence while I reined my confusions. Finally, I was ready. "How come you for an anthology of humor?"

He shrugged. "I've always been a nut on humor. I've got a library of humor books that numbers roughly 7,000 volumes. And three times I wrote the article on humor for the *Encyclopedia Britannica*." I knew exactly how a balloon with a slow leak feels.

"Well," I stumbled on with both feet in my mouth, "wasn't it difficult choosing what to put in the anthology? You being an agent, I mean. If you left out one of your clients, it would imply a criticism of his work."

Meredith shook his head. "I was scrupulously overfair. It took me a year to do the book. Why, I even had an agent to represent me on it. I don't think any client should feel hurt by omission. After all, the fee paid to get a piece from a writer for an anthology doesn't amount to much."

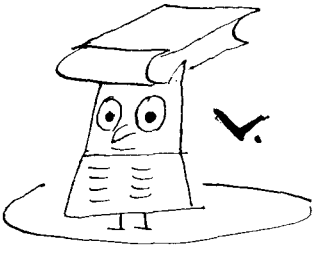
Last gasp. "Are there writers you handle who aren't in the anthology?"

"Sure." And he named a bushel or two. "I put nothing in for the sake of getting someone in the book. I'm sick of humor anthologies that shove in unfunny selections just because the editor feels an author has to be represented. Take Artemus Ward. He's always in though he died in 1867, and his writings—to me anyway—just aren't funny today. That was the criterion as to what I chose. It had to be funny in terms of today. And you'd be amazed at how much humor has dated now that Coolidge is no longer President."

I silently credited Scott Meredith with a complete victory over "the watchdog of publishing," but there was one last blow to come. "When you get home," he said as he walked me to the elevator, "read my introduction. It will tell you everything I set out to do in the anthology."

I did exactly that and discovered that almost every question I had tossed at him he had already asked himself and answered in his introduction. So, not only had I learned nothing that I couldn't have found out in my own living room, I was also out thirty cents in subway fares.

P.S. A good portion of Mr. Meredith's introduction to *The Fireside Treasury of Modern Humor* is devoted to the



fact that most people don't read introductions. He's got me there, too.

IF YOU HAVE already removed all the pesticides from your garage, thanks to Rachel Carson, and have signed up with a memorial society, thanks to Jessica Mitford, and are now wondering what to get upset about next, just sit tight. On December 13 Trident Press is publishing *The Green Felt Jungle*, a shocker on Las Vegas and the men who own it. Considering the material in their book, it is surprising that its two ex-newspapermen authors, Ed Reid and Ovid Demaris, are still alive after eight years of work on their book (seven years of research, one year of writing). Reid, a 1951 Pulitzer Prize-winner for his newspaper exposé on the $20,000,000 gambling empire of Harry Gross,

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has already discovered that the kingpins of "Lost Wages" (a favorite local name) are not flattered to find a Boswell in their midst. The discovery was made in the parking lot of the Desert Inn early one morning when three mobsters attacked him.

Incidentally, if you are thinking of *The Green Felt Jungle* as the solution to what to buy that friend in Nevada politics for Christmas, better forget it. The same advice applies to Jimmy Hoffa, Frank Sinatra, or Barry Goldwater. This book will not add to their Yuletide joy.

I PASS ON the following without comment. Do with it what you will. The story was told to me by Hans Holzer, author of the recently published *Ghost Hunter*, and by Patricia Beresford, a most attractive lady with both shapely feet firmly on the ground, who serves as publicity director for Bobbs-Merrill, publisher of Mr. Holzer's book, which, by the way, recounts Mr. Holzer's experiences with otherworld inhabitants of New York City apartments and houses in the surrounding countryside.

It seems that the author ("I'm a parapsychologist. I'm also an expert in archeology and numismatics.") marked the publication day of his book by sending Mrs. Beresford and her assistant each a bottle of champagne. As Pat tells it: "I put the bottle on my desk, and the desk started shaking and jumping around. It was only my desk that did it. Lots of people saw it. The air-conditioning was off and there was no construction work going on. Nothing that could cause it. This has never happened before. When I left the room to try to find a cause, it stopped. When I came back, it started again."

Mr. Holzer said cryptically, "It was the day my book was launched."

Was it a ghost? Hans Holzer's nod and inward smile were worthy of the *Mona Lisa*. "I have a hunch who it was."

And what was Pat Beresford's reaction to the incident? "It shook me up. But not as much as the champagne did when I got it home."

NO MATTER what books are published next year, it is inconceivable that any will boast more memorable titles than two which John Day has scheduled for February: *I Built a Stone Age House* and *The Wonders of Fungi.*

Most-painful-title-of-any-year award goes to Little, Brown and Emilie Loring for her new novel, to be published in March, *A Candle in Her Heart.* The title conjures up visions of major surgery or, at least, a burning need for bicarbonate. The novel, however, is more romantic than rheumatic.

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

THE CREATIVE ARTIST

Prophet in His Own Country

Apollinaire: Poet Among the Painters, *by Francis Steegmuller (Farrar, Straus. 365 pp. $6.50), pictures a man of insatiable appetites who was at the same time sensitive and gentle. James Thrall Soby's many books include studies of Ben Shahn, Joan Miró, Juan Gris, Amadeo Modigliani, and Giorgio de Chirico.*

By JAMES THRALL SOBY

THERE is a street named for Guillaume Apollinaire near St. Germain-des-Près in Paris, yet the French once jailed the poet briefly and unjustly as a suspect in the theft of the *Mona Lisa* from the Louvre Museum. In youth he supported himself by writing poems and novels so scatological that only hardened *aficionados* of the Marquis de Sade, in whose works Apollinaire had been immersed, can read them without an occasional shudder or blush. Yet he has emerged since his death in 1918 as one of the most revered poets of his generation. Apollinaire died of wounds incurred in World War I—a war he had no business being in, since he was not French but Polish, the illegitimate son of an unknown father and a mother whose morals were consistently dubious. He might have been addressing himself when he wrote his celebrated line of poetry: *"Ton père fut un sphinx et ta mère une nuit."* Apollinaire was a rough, gargantuan man of insatiable appetites, yet some of his friends described him as sensitive and gentle. He was usually poor, but he managed to give weekly *soirées* at which many top creative figures in Paris appeared.

Francis Steegmuller's extremely readable biography does much to clarify the ambiguities in Apollinaire's life and achievement and is a welcome addition to the scant material in English on the almost legendary poet. What puzzles this reviewer, however, is why the subtitle of the book should have been *Poet Among the Painters.* It is true that Apollinaire was constantly in the company of artists and was deeply concerned with the field of the fine arts. But throughout this book there is emphasis on Apollinaire's supposed lack of visual ("plastic" is the more high-toned word) sensibility. And this despite the fact that Apollinaire gave great thought to unorthodox typographical effects in printing his poems, probably following the example of the Italian Futurist Marinetti, and in turn paving the way for our own brilliant E. E. Cummings.

Mr. Steegmuller quotes Picasso and Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler as having said that they found Apollinaire's perception in art matters limited, though they admired him enormously as poet and man. I have unbounded respect for both men, the one as unquestionably the greatest artist of our period, the other as one of this period's most courageous and scholarly dealers. But I find their comments strange and ill-founded. I concede that Apollinaire's writings on art are uneven in quality and judgment, chiefly because he was forced to do much hurried journalism to keep himself in funds. The fact remains that Apollinaire knew and appreciated to the full nearly all the finest artists of his period: the *douanier* Rousseau, whose pictures he disliked at first and later was brave enough to say he had misunderstood; Picasso and Braque, the early Delaunay, and many, many others. His first serious book was illustrated by André Derain, his third by Raoul Dufy.

Apollinaire also managed to escape the recurrent Parisian snobbery which makes many of the city's art critics tend to dismiss as minor all art that does not stem from the great French metropolis. He liked and understood the best of the Italian Futurists; he was, I think, the first to proclaim Rodin's most likely heir in terms of conviction and talent, Medardo Rosso, currently the subject of a remarkable show at the Museum of Modern Art. He consistently defended Giorgio de Chirico, Surrealism's most important single precursor in art, though de Chirico's paintings stressed linear perspective at a time when the Cubists, who found their most effective champion in Apollinaire, were working in the opposite direction of structure through planes of color.

Prophecy of any kind usually becomes intolerable sooner or later, and it is understandable that journalists should begin to deflate Apollinaire in one of the fields—art criticism—through which his fame was established. Twenty years ago I would have bet that he had recognized more major talents in painting and sculpture than any literary man of his generation. The bet is still open, at any odds Mr. Steegmuller chooses.

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Days of Rhyme and Roses

John Keats, the Making of a Poet, *by Aileen Ward (Viking. 450 pp. $7.50), and* ***John Keats,*** *by Walter Jackson Bate (Harvard University Press. 732 pp. $10), concern themselves respectively with the life and the literary style of "the most attractive Romantic of them all." Charles Alva Hoyt has written a number of articles on the Romantic period.*

By CHARLES ALVA HOYT

IN SPITE of the efforts of the New Critics, the great British Romantics continue to work upon the public imagination. Scholarship must busy itself continually to satisfy the appetite for knowledge about these fascinating men. Now, filling a gap of many years, there have appeared simultaneously two biographies of the most attractive Romantic of them all, John Keats.

Even if Keats were not one of the most gifted poets in the language, as well as the most endearing of letter writers, he would still be almost wholly admirable as a man. His life, that "most heroic of stories," as Mark Van Doren has called it, is such a catalogue of illness, disappointment, poverty, and heartbreak that it seems almost incredible that it yielded up in its some twenty-five years such a harvest of bravery, manliness, and maturity. More than anything else it is Keats's hard-won maturity, both in his art and in his life, that draws us irresistibly to him.

We know now, as our grandparents did not, that Keats was an energetic, strong, and vigorous man. It was not bad reviews that finally killed him, nor Fanny Brawne's fatal spell; but tuberculosis, which he probably caught nursing his dying brother Tom. (Besides Tom and John Keats, the third brother, George, as well as their mother, died of this disease.) Both of these new biographies substantiate and enlarge the modern view of Keats as an independent and productive writer carried off at his peak, and not the languishing, helpless youth of the early accounts—who still lingers on, by the way, in some high school literature classes.

It is perhaps inevitable that these books should be considered together, as competitors. In an important sense, of course, they are, although neither author refers to the other—an omission somewhat more surprising on Aileen Ward's part than on Walter Bate's. Her otherwise strong bibliography does not, for example, include his standard *Stylistic Development of Keats.* It is pleasant, however, to be able to say that each book has its own excellence. By reason of a fortunate diversity of interests each author presents a work on Keats that is valuable and important. Neither detracts from the other.

Miss Ward is clearly the better storyteller. One who knows nothing of the life of Keats should begin with her, for she presents the drama of it as Professor Bate does not. I hasten to add that no disparagement of her scholarship should be inferred; as a matter of fact, she makes more use of the academic apparatus than Bate does. It is simply that she is essentially the biographer, while he is essentially the critic who assumes that the reader is roughly familiar with the life and wants to concentrate upon the poetry. Consequently, his chapters cut back and forth across the years in a way that might bewilder the novice. His prose is full of such devices as these: "one ironically thinks ahead almost five years"; "one thinks ahead to the . . . doggerel verses"; "This is a far cry from the powerful questionings raised three years later"; "This . . . was to recur vividly." He gives away Keats's poignant last letter in the second chapter, page 34 of this 732-page book.

In all fairness, Bate is not concerned with suspense. The story has been told before, it is true. And in his chosen province, the consideration of the elements of Keats's style and the development of his philosophy of poetry, he is probably as knowledgeable as any man alive.

Miss Ward (who is a professor at Sarah Lawrence) has a number of critical insights of her own. Her application of Freudian theory to Keats's life is sensible and helpful. Surely she is correct in emphasizing the devastating effect of his father's death and his mother's hasty remarriage. She goes farther than Bate in explaining thus some of Keats's later uneasiness with women, and I think she is justified in doing so. Also, she brings out Keats's consistently liberal viewpoint in politics, a fact that is too easily overlooked.

It is interesting to note that both books proceed very carefully with Mrs. Isabella Jones, a mysterious figure in Keats's life whose contributions, both inspirational and otherwise, have lately been championed by Robert Gittings (*The Living Year, The Mask of Keats*). Both authors are inclined to give her credit as inspiration for at least one disputed poem ("Hush! hush! tread softly"), but refuse her the "Bright Star" sonnet, as well as any intimate relation with the poet. Incidentally, Miss Ward raises again the Rossetti theory that Keats once contracted syphilis. Bate notices and dismisses the idea, although I should like to hear him reply to all of Miss Ward's evidence on the matter.

Another fascinating trend in recent scholarship is the gradual blackening of the character of Keats's guardian, Richard Abbey. After the early bursts of indignation, informed opinion had settled into a more tolerant attitude towards this unpleasant man, which was well summed up by Lionel Trilling: "Abbey no doubt had his own kind of integrity, but he was in the unhappy historical position of representing bourgeois prudence in relation to Keats's fierce young devotion to his art." It is a matter of intense satisfaction to me that this prudent bourgeois has now been revealed as a liar and swindler of the most open and apparent kind, thanks to the researches and writings of scholars like Dorothy Hewlett, Phyllis Mann, and Norman Kilgour. It is somewhat distressing, therefore, to find both of the present authors rather aloof and restrained when dealing with him; Miss Ward even seems sympathetic at one point ("Abbey was trying to help in the only way he knew."). Professor Bate grants that "his duplicity is incontestable," but refrains from passing judgment. Fortunately, he is able to relinquish his objectivity when he comes to those arch-villains of the piece, the Tory critics Lockhart, Wilson, Croker, and especially Gifford, whom he calls "certainly one of the least attractive figures of the day."

Both books are honest, and both are easy to read. The Bate work is considerably the longer and more detailed, and will in some ways be of greater use to scholars; Miss Ward's, shorter if no less scholarly, will probably attract the general reader.

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Steichen: A Life in Photography

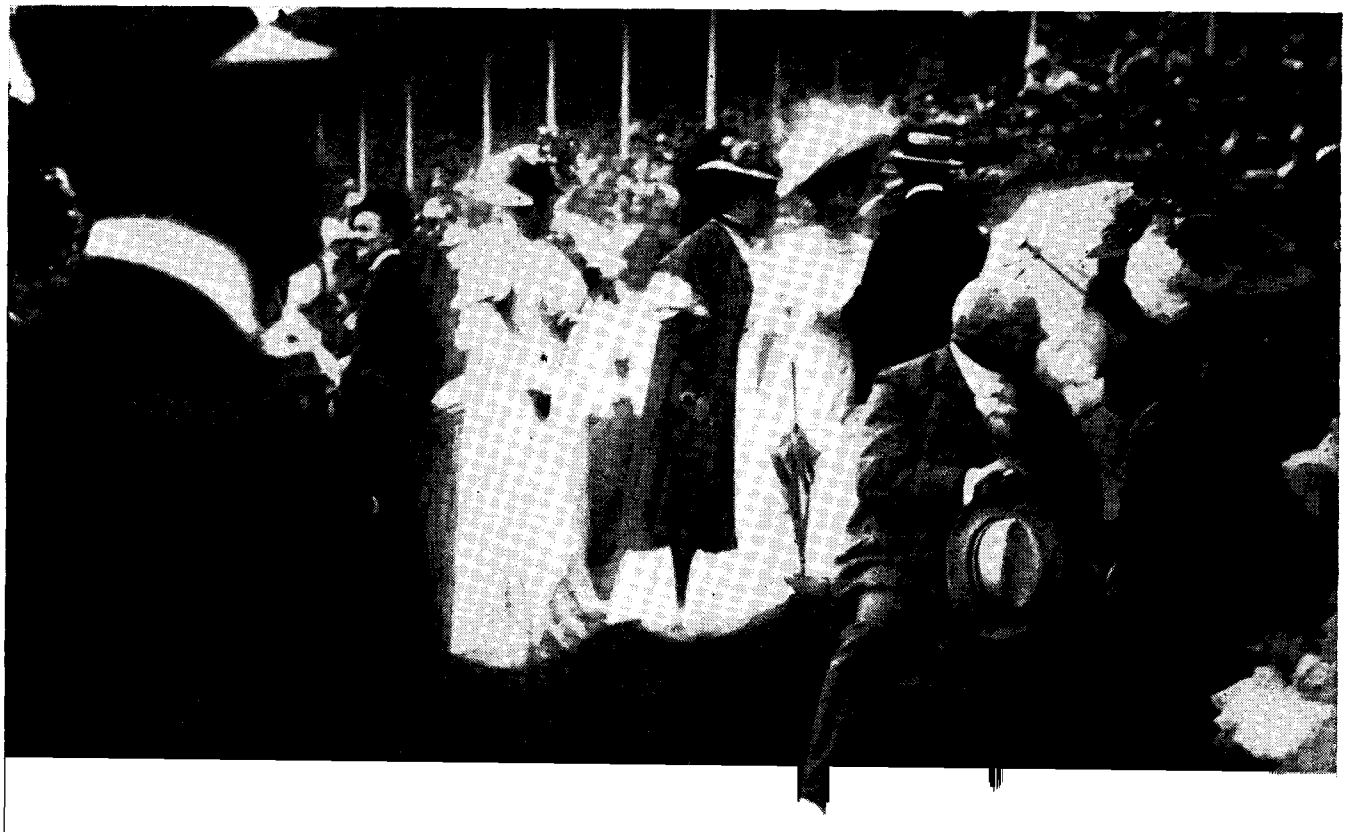
"My Little Sister." Milwaukee, 1895.

By MARGARET R. WEISS

SOME TIME AGO a critic of note observed, "What an extraordinary document could be made if all the still pictures Steichen has made in his life could be rephotographed chronologically on film and reprojected as a transcription of one artist's vision."

Edward Steichen's new book, *A Life in Photography* (Doubleday, $19.95), comes as close to providing that document as the space between covers permits. Selected from some 30,000 negatives spanning almost seventy years, 234 photographs reveal Steichen's unbridled creative urge and da Vinci-like virtuosity. A man with an acute awareness of the world around him—an artist with a truly global vision of life—he has known the great and the simple among men, viewed the earth from a reconnaissance plane and the seas from an aircraft carrier, studied the patterns of nature in re-

"Steeplechase Day, Paris: Grandstand." 1905.



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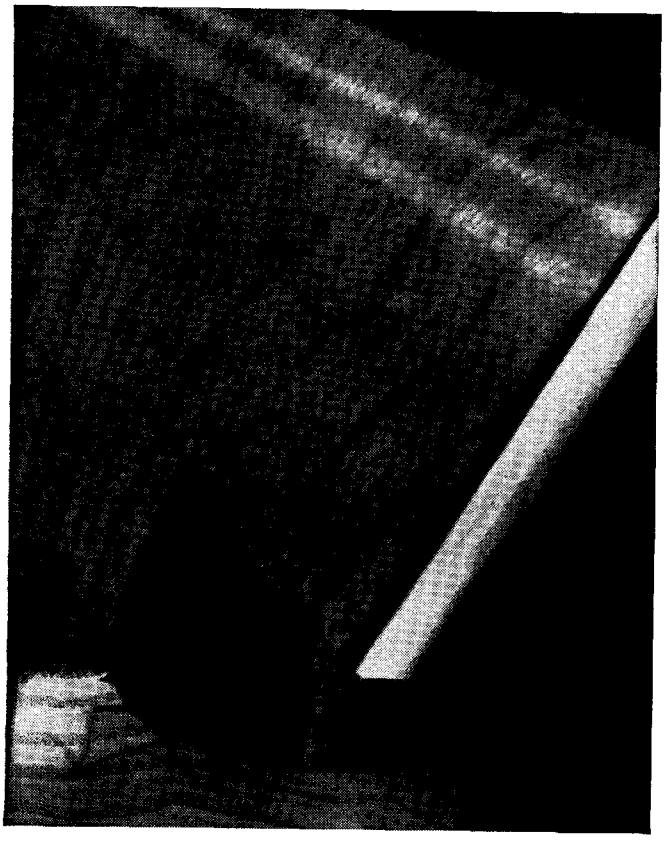
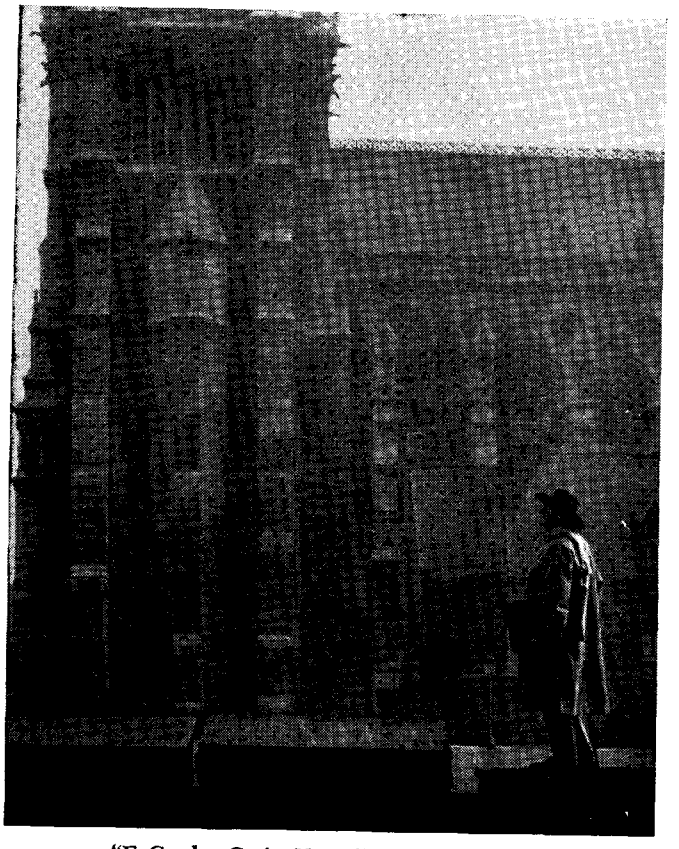
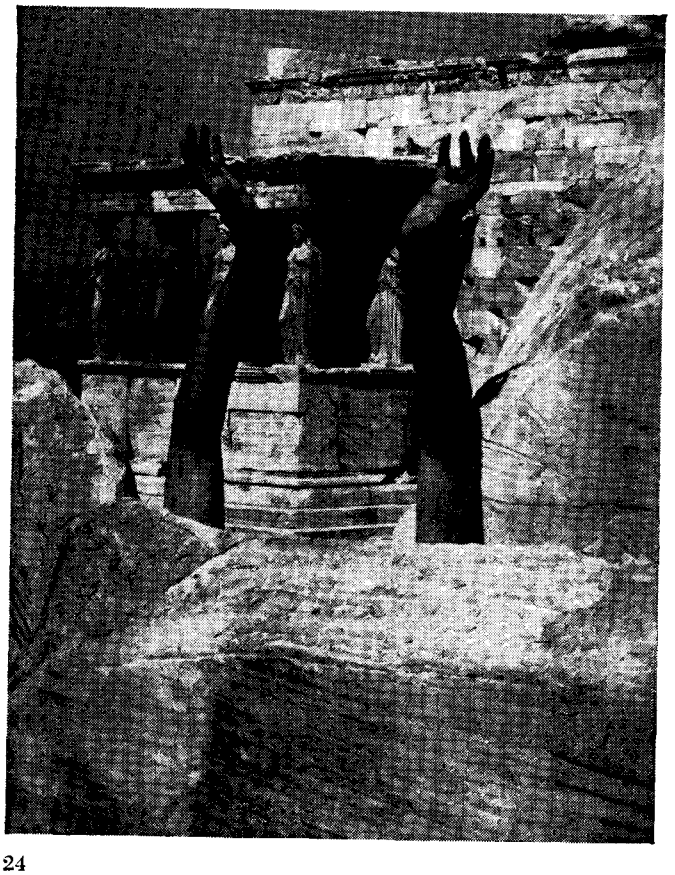


"Diagram of Doom—3." New York, 1925.



"E. Gordon Craig; Notre Dame de Paris." 1920.

"Therese Duncan: Reaching Arms." The Parthenon, 1921.



"On the Clinic Stairs" (publicity for Manhattan Eye, Ear and Nose Hospital) 1931.

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flected sunlight, in the stalk of a delphinium and the spore of a sunflower, in the changing seasons mirrored in a shadblow tree.

On every page a Steichen constant emerges: penetrating sensitivity as an artist, superlative skill as a craftsman, optimum power over the image. Always, he remains true to his own definition of photography as "a vehicle for the emotional expression of reality and a dynamic process for giving form to ideas . . . a means of recording the gamut of feelings written on the human face in its contrasts of hope, serenity, or despair; the beauty of the earth and the skies that man has inherited, and the wealth and confusion that man has created within this inheritance."

Steichen has dedicated *A Life in Photography* to his mother "with homage, gratitude, respect, admiration, and love." And it is with the same emotions the world returns its tribute to him and to the living testament of his art.

"Dana Miller in the Pond." Umpawaug, Connecticut, 1954. ►

"Carl Sandburg." Connecticut, 1936.

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When the Left Was Always Right

The New Statesman: The History of the First Fifty Years 1913-1963, *by Edward Hyams (St. Martin's. 326 pp. $7.50), and* ***New Statesmanship: An Anthology,*** *selected by Edward Hyams (St. Martin's. 290 pp. $6.50), chronicle a tumultuous half-century as reflected in Britain's Fabian socialist publication. Norman Thomas was six times candidate for President of the U.S. on the Socialist ticket.*

By NORMAN THOMAS

COMMEMORATING its fiftieth anniversary, the *New Statesman* commissioned Edward Hyams to write a history of that influential British journal and to compile an anthology of its best contributions. Given a free hand, Mr. Hyams has not hesitated to express his own critical judgment on the men and events involved in his narrative. But his general praise of the magazine and its "statesmanship" is emphatic and well documented.

While I never find anthologies absorbing, this one is uniformly interesting and invites one to consider the fate of political prophecies and exhortations in the light of the tumultuous half-century. It also illustrates the change in literary style in that period. Moreover, the list of contributors is distinguished and quite catholic. Along with the most eminent British writers and politicians—Winston Churchill, Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, E. M. Forster, Virginia Woolf, John Betjeman, and a score of others—you will find Stalin and Khrushchev and Brecht and Pirandello.

The history is open to a more critical approach, although to have so well condensed so much comment on history-in-the-making during these troubled years is an achievement.

The bare facts are these: *The New Statesman* was started as a completely unofficial spokesman for Fabian socialism with Beatrice and Sidney Webb playing a large part in launching and maintaining it. It acquired its distinctive character of "statesmanship"—on which Mr. Hyams likes to dwell—under its first editor, Clifford Sharp, who served from 1913-30. Under its second editor, Kingsley Martin (1931-60), it kept its identity but with the years grew in influence and circulation. Although Mr. Martin gave scope to distinguished colleagues and contributors of differing views, he put his own stamp on the paper. Its present editor, John Freeman (1961-), is in turn retaining the quality of "statesmanship" with such modifications as the changing times and his own personality suggest.

IN Mr. Hyams's opinion, the back section of the paper, devoted to books and the arts, never acquired so distinctive and effective a character as the front, despite some good editors and contributors. At one point, he observes, "In short, the amorphous quality of the *New Statesman*'s hindquarters was probably inevitable and it is quite probable that Kingsley Martin was perfectly right to interfere with it as little as possible."

It is likely that for American as well as British readers the main interest in the history of the periodical lies in Mr. Hyams's account of the *New Statesman*'s opinions on the politics and economics of the period, which saw Britain, victorious in two world wars, peacefully divest itself of empire and become so largely a welfare state. Mr. Hyams's story of the *New Statesman*'s part in these events constitutes a valuable footnote to British history. But it should not be taken by the ill-informed as a substitute for that history or an infallible commentary on it. "New statesmanship," as practiced by the editors and expounded by Mr. Hyams, commands a high degree of agreement and approval from this reviewer. Nevertheless, perhaps I may be pardoned if I depart from a coolly objective role to voice a criticism of Mr. Kingsley Martin and his *New Statesman* that Mr. Hyams's diffusive explanation does not remove.

Both the editor and his periodical would have been more influential in America—and nearer the truth—if they had not so often in their postwar years seemed to look at Stalin and his Russia through rose-tinted glasses, which they never used when looking toward Washington. One can read both the history and the anthology without any evidence that "new statesmanship" was much concerned or affected by Stalin's purges, his slave camps, the Hitler-Stalin Pact, the settlement that left so much of Central Europe at Stalin's mercy, and Stalin's very clear role in initiating the cold war. Page after page in the Kingsley Martin comments on both Russian and American policy invite a degree of reproach. Indeed, Mr. Hyams himself, despite some rash critical *obiter dicta* of his own, concludes: "In its policy attitudes from the Thirties to the end of the Fifties, the *New Statesman* tended too much to navigate the stream of Socialist Order and neglected the stream of Socialist Freedom. In its dislike of Capitalist abuses it rather closed its eyes to Socialist [that is, Russian] abuses." Yet Mr. Hyams's comments on the Stalin epoch are hardly consistent with his conclusion that "nothing could have so well served the cause of anti-Socialist reaction as the Russian Revolution with its long and terrible aftermath. . . ."

With much of Mr. Martin's (and Mr. Hyams's) criticism of the U.S. and its policy I should agree, but not with its dogmatic superficiality. The *New Statesman* was definitely not Communist, but, in so far as it did have influence in America, its bias made it harder for most of us to accept its just charges, or to find it a satisfactory guide toward peace.

I dwell on this perhaps disproportionately because Mr. Martin's approach has not a few conscious and unconscious imitators in America. They tend to destroy the weight of their criticisms of our national policies by talking as if therefore Khrushchev and Castro and even Mao must be always right. (The breach between Russia and China bothers them.) Because we must challenge the devil theory of communism we do not have to clothe it in the garments of an angel of light. Which in somewhat exaggerated language is my objection to one part of Kingsley Martin's "new statesmanship." It did not provide the essential basis for obtaining a disarmed coexistence in order that men may live.

FRAZER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1056

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1056 will be found in the next issue.

CMUDLRGSP MT OL CL GZC

TGP OFX ZGTOMXTO OFMZET

MZ OFX ZMSXTO VGP.

ELDCAXBE

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1055

Youth is a blunder; manhood a struggle; old age a regret.

—DISRAELI.

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Recruiting for the Saving Remnant

Scrutiny: A Quarterly Review, 1932-1953, *edited by F. R. Leavis and others (Cambridge University Press. 20 Vols. 7,763 pp. $125), reprints in its entirety a British publication whose goal was the training of the individual's sensibility to the human experience as reflected in literature. A professor of English literature at the University of Pennsylvania, Morse Peckham is the author of "Beyond the Tragic Vision: The Quest for Identity in the Nineteenth Century" and other works.*

By MORSE PECKHAM

LIBRARIES will probably be the principal purchasers of this twenty-volume set of the British Quarterly review *Scrutiny*. But it should be bought by individuals as well. For it is impossible for anyone with a serious interest in literature to go through these volumes, rereading much, without a wonderful development of the adequacy of his response to all human experience. *Scrutiny* is what F. R. Leavis wanted it to be: an education.

The magazine's republication, only ten years after it came to an end, is an extraordinary event. Its maximum circulation was only 1,500 copies. Its staff and its contributors were unpaid. Leavis had no official position at Cambridge University, and the Oxbridge and literary London worlds regarded him as dangerous, alarming, and hateful. The reissue of such a review in its entirety is, so far as I know, unique; and this official and institutional recognition by Cambridge of so disliked a man is almost melodramatic.

But, then, the whole life of *Scrutiny* has its melodramatic character, which Leavis did nothing to tone down. From the beginning he regarded himself and his little band of followers as outlaws. It is his own word. With full self-consciousness, with carefully considered reasons, and with the animus of a lonely, irritable, righteous, and puritanical academic outcast, he attacked the assumptions, the practice, the personalities of the British academic world and the interlocking London world of commercial authorship, publication, and reviewing. He discovered the British Literary Establishment; he suffered from its power; it enflamed in him a passionate and holy rage. The astonishing thing is that Leavis has succeeded; his judgments, his way of approaching literature, his intellectual style have been accepted; he has had a profound influence throughout the English-speaking world. Yet it is equally true that he has failed, and he knows it.

Through the research of his wife on the sociology of literature he became aware, in the 1920s, of what *The Saturday Review* of Sept. 21 called the Gresham's Law of Culture. Bad culture drives out good, because publishing at the lower cultural levels is infinitely more profitable than publishing for a highly cultured minority, with the result that the latter has become, to a considerable degree, deficit publishing. Universal literacy and large-scale publication techniques isolate, dissipate, and threaten the existence, or at least the access to the public, of that minority which finds its function in a devotion to the highest kind of intellectual activity. In England the mass audience began to emerge about 1830. Carlyle was the first to see the implications and the opportunities, Arnold the first to be aware of the dangers and to announce the doctrine of the "saving remnant," the alienated minority from whom alone intellectual sweetness and light could emanate.

This Arnoldian position was adopted by Leavis, with greater perceptivity than even Arnold's and with greater awareness of the dangers: the early volumes of *Scrutiny* are filled with Arnoldian phrases, and they recur in Leavis's *Retrospect* in Volume XX of this reissue. Leavis also saw that literary commercialism had corrupted the academic world, but that even so, the sole place to fight back is the university classroom, for only there, in the sacrosanct shrine of sensibility, protected by the psychic and social insulation that only the university can give, is the cultivated minority able to engage itself with the general intelligent public, consummate its culturally redemptive enterprise, and recruit members of the saving remnant. To penetrate that classroom, Leavis concluded, he must find and recruit a following among the college and university teachers. He must have a center and an organ. That center was his home; that organ was *Scrutiny*. He taught and applied the doctrine of "sensibility," the fusion of emotional sensitivity, rigorous thought, and the intellectual and imaginative use of learning and scholarship. He had, and has, no critical doctrine. He asked but two questions, "Is your response to this work adequate to what it offers? Was the response of the author adequate to the human experience he was dealing with?"

Such a training of the individual's sensibility to achieve an adequate response to the work of art cannot be taught as a body of principles or a theoretically structured doctrine. It can

(*Continued on page* 37)

"Sure it's a great hideout, but I'm allergic to blubber."

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FICTION

Between the Viziers and the Invaders

Bosnian Chronicle, *by Ivo Andric, translated from the Serbo-Croatian by Joseph Hitrec (Knopf. 429 pp. $6.95), and* ***Montenegro,*** *by Milovan Djilas, translated from the Serbo-Croatian by Kenneth Johnstone (Harcourt, Brace & World. 367 pp. $5.75), fuse fact and symbol to portray the beleaguered Balkans. Henry C. Wolfe's numerous books include "Human Dynamite: The Story of Europe's Minorities."*

By HENRY C. WOLFE

THE POWER of fiction to evoke the shape and the spirit of the past is notably demonstrated in these outwardly unlike yet essentially similar novels of South Slav history. In *Bosnian Chronicle* Ivo Andric, winner of the 1961 Nobel Prize for Literature, recreates his native Bosnia as it lay under the Turkish heel during Napoleon's "Time of the Consuls." In *Montenegro* Milovan Djilas, Communist Yugoslavia's famed ideological heretic, brings to life the Montenegrin clansmen's last battle against the Austro-Hungarian army, the ensuing occupation by the invaders, and the postwar split between two Black Mountain leaders.

These Yugoslav novelists, a generation apart, are basically poets; each sees the soil of his forebears through a poet's eyes. Andric's narrative is a prose epic, Djilas's novel a heroic ballad. Both are invested with a sense of the universal. Each storyteller fuses fact, legend, and symbol to interpret the spiritual evolution of a tortured land and its people.

Bosnian Chronicle is laid in Travnik, the author's birthplace, an isolated, melancholy town set deep in a narrow defile. The niggardly sunlight seemed to reflect the minds of the Travnichani, most of whom were sullen, xenophobic, and resistant to change. Christians, both Roman Catholic and Orthodox, Sephardic Jews, and Bosnian Moslems were suspicious of one another, yet bound in varying degrees of subjection to the local Vizier.

In 1807 Jean Daville came to Travnik to serve as consul general for Napoleon's expanding empire. An introspective, timorous, compassionate man and a poet *manqué,* he was to spend seven lonely, frustrated years in the alien

Ivo Andric—"a prose epic."

wilderness. Not even his devoted wife sensed the torment in his soul.

On his first official visit to the Vizier, Daville and his "infidel" retinue were cursed and spat upon by Moslems. His fellow Catholics, especially the Franciscan friars, condemned him as the representative of an atheistic Emperor, while the Orthodox believers longed for a Russian Consul. Instead, it was Austria that opened another Travnik consulate. Daville's brittle relationship with the Vizier was now complicated by Austrian espionage and political intrigue.

Two friendly Viziers were followed by a sadistic tyrant, and the agreeable Austrian Consul General was succeeded by an aloof martinet. Daville's contacts with these officials and with the townspeople blew hot or cold according to Napoleon's military fortunes. When the French monarchy was restored the Travnik consulates closed, and with them an era. Daville was free to resume his spiritual quest for the "right road."

Bosnian Chronicle moves in a broad, Dostoevskian sweep, majestic, elegiac, humanistic. The spirit of a time and a place is manifest in muezzin call and Mass bell, in Islamic panoply and the harassment of a French cotton caravan by Bosnian peasants. Tragedy shows many faces: Serb rebels executed by Gypsy hangmen, a Consul's sick baby dying for want of up-to-date medical care, a hunchback interpreter's fall into disgrace and misery. And, in masterly characterization, Andric probes the recesses of the heart, Moslem, Christian, and Jewish, often finding there springs of goodness and hope.

Montenegro, like *The New Class,* the author's bitter exposé of communism, was written in prison. Djilas, once Tito's close friend and a high Yugoslav Communist official, was expelled from the Party and jailed for advocating "democratization" of the dictatorship. *Montenegro* shows considerable kinship with Djilas's autobiographical *Land Without Justice.*

Stark violence pervades this tripartite novel. In the first section—or is "phase" the word?—the hungry, poorly armed Montenegrins, a volunteer force of "goatherds and cowherds," stand off the disciplined, modernly equipped Austro-Hungarian invaders at Mojkovac in January 1916. It was a no-quarter struggle, marked by endurance and bravery on both sides, and on both sides the wounded quickly froze to death in the savage cold. In the Montenegrin capital of Cetinje, meanwhile, crafty old King Nikola was up to his usual skulduggery. "The Montenegrin army was not defeated; it was disarmed by its own government."

In the second, largely symbolic, part

Milovan Djilas—"a heroic ballad."

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of the story three Montenegrin prisoners—an old peasant, an army captain, and a young intellectual—spend the eve of execution examining their souls and exploring the meaning of life. The attitude of the occupying army was "European, civilized, impersonal." The young intellectual had been given a chance to save his life by publicly urging his countrymen to cease underground resistance. He chose the scaffold.

The third section chronicles the mortal feud between two former friends who had fought together for Montenegrin liberation. Do Bosko and Blagota personify Djilas and Tito, one wonders? In any case, theirs is the third act in a poignant drama that is played against a mosaic backdrop of foreign intervention, Moslem-Christian antagonisms, intra-Serbian politics, love affairs, and clan rivalries.

Divided as it is, *Montenegro* lacks the strong narrative flow of *Bosnian Chronicle*, and its symbolism sometimes beclouds the meaning. Nevertheless, Djilas's book, while hardly a true novel, has power, color, excitement, and political significance. Both authors have been well served by their translators.

Crisis and Continuity

***"We Never Make Mistakes,"** by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, translated from the Russian by Paul W. Blackstock (University of South Carolina Press. 100 pp. $3.75), follows nineteenth-century Russian tradition in its exploration of dilemmas of the human condition. Maurice Friedberg, author of "Russian Classics in Soviet Jackets," is a professor of Russian literature at Hunter College.*

By MAURICE FRIEDBERG

A MAJOR dispute is presently raging among Western specialists on Soviet writing. There are those who, by force of inertia acquired by reading for decades volumes of Stalinist propaganda thinly disguised as literature, continue to examine Soviet novels, drama, and verse merely as sociopolitical documents. These are the men interested in the Yevtushenkos, Dudintsevs, and almost every other Soviet writer who describes Stalinist cruelty, Soviet economic difficulties, and so forth, and it is on their advice that many a Western publisher rushes to bring out a translation of yet another mediocre but "revealing" Soviet opus.

Their opponents, for the most part young, would judge Soviet writing by exactly the same criteria as those customarily applied to modern French, English, German, or Italian authors, and scorn what they call "political scientists masquerading as literary critics." The "esthetic" faction champions such promising young poets as Voznesensky and Akhmadulina and the "Chekhovian" short-story writers, of whom Yashin appears to be particularly favored.

The truth of the matter is, in my opinion, that a degree of sociopolitical orientation is unavoidable in any balanced appraisal of Soviet literature—as it is, for that matter, in a judicious evaluation of the masters of prerevolutionary Russian writing, or any literature produced during periods of political restriction. Working under these circumstances, the writer cannot but assume to some extent the functions that in an open society are considered more appropriate for the reform politician, the crusading editor, or the iconoclastic philosopher.

Fortunately, there are at this time several Soviet authors who merit close attention both as observers and critics of their society and as literary artists. There can be little doubt that Alexander Solzhenitsyn, whose lasting place in the history of Russian letters of this century is already assured by his novella of life in a Soviet concentration camp, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, ranks among the most important members of the group.

IN "For the Good of the Cause," a story published last July in a Soviet periodical and as yet unavailable in English, one of Solzhenitsyn's characters remarks that voluminous novels are unsuited as a genre for the age of technology; and it is true that the most remarkable achievements of recent Soviet writing are to be found in the realm of the short story, the novella, and, above all, in verse. *"We Never Make Mistakes"* consists of two tales, "An Incident at Krechetovka Station" and "Matryona's House," both originally published last January in a Moscow monthly. The two stories are written in traditional style, with no attempts at innovation in technique; the language of the narrator is conventional literary Russian, while that of his characters corresponds to the speech of typical members of their *milieux*.

"An Incident" is an account of a moral crisis in the life of a Soviet army officer during World War II. The protagonist is not the conventional heroic soldier and the action is not set in a battlefield. Instead, we see a lonely man, separated from his family, bored with his monotonous job as a transport officer in the hinterlands, his main enemy being scheming females hungry for male companionship. One day the officer meets a clumsy-looking soldier, an actor in civilian life, who is traveling without documents, trying to rejoin his detachment which has left him behind at a railroad station. The transport officer is at first sympathetic, but then, remembering the official appeals for vigilance, denounces the soldier to the secret police as a suspected spy. Only when it is too late does he realize that in doing so he might have condemned an innocent man to death. He tries to find out what has happened to the soldier, but the only reply he gets from the police is "we never make mistakes." Solzhenitsyn thus skilfully raises an important moral problem that cannot but strike a responsive chord in post-Stalin Russia (or post-Hitler Germany): is "following orders" a sufficient excuse for even an inadvertent criminal act? Must one abdicate one's conscience in order to qualify as a patriotic citizen? The story ends on this ambiguous note.

"Matryona's House" tells of an old peasant woman in a Soviet village. Solzhenitsyn shows that forty years of Soviet rule have done little to change the Russian countryside—as one may also see in another remarkable Soviet story (as yet, to the best of my knowledge, unavailable in English), Alexander Yashin's "Vologda Wedding." If one disregards the electric bulbs and tractors, Solzhenitsyn's village might have appeared in the pages of Uspensky, Tolstoy, or Nekrasov. The peasants remain greedy, superstitious, and illiterate, and their standard of living does not seem to have changed to any significant degree in a century. The narrator, obviously the author himself (like Solzhenitsyn, he is a village schoolteacher with a prison record which, in recent Soviet fiction, is a sort of "red badge of courage"), describes his landlady, an old peasant woman, as living in unbelievable squalor, with a hungry goat, a lame cat, and multitudes of mice and cockroaches as her only companions. She bears her cross in silence—as did Ivan Denisovich in Solzhenitsyn's prison camp—and only after her tragic death does the narrator realize that Matryona was "a righteous one without whom, according to the prov-

(*Continued on page* 32)

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P-305. LEAPING DEER. Leaping deer, engaging in their sport and frolic, run across this handsome example of Russian folk art; silk-screened onto handmade Japanese rice paper are deer, brown with blue patterns and orange-gold with blue patterns, with a floriated background in greens, blues, and reds. 11½" high x 39" wide. *Special* **2.98**

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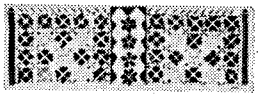

P-303. MATISSE: DECORATION WITH MASK. Matisse lavished his most breathtaking colors, on this magnificent design for a wall ceramic in 1953. Blue, shades of green, orange, yellow, red, magenta, brown and black—all Matisse and altogether a marvelous print to hang in those "difficult" rooms that call for decoration with art that is out of the ordinary. 17" x 46". *Special* **2.98**

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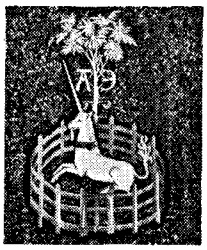

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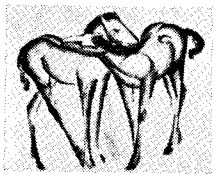
P-891. JAPANESE CRANES. A handsome serigraph in orange, greys, black and metallic gold, from the lid of a Japanese writing box, attributed to Korin Ogata, 1653-1716, 17" x 19". *Special* **2.98**



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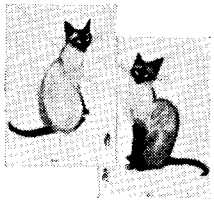

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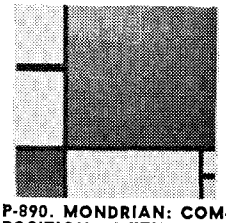

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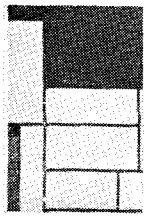

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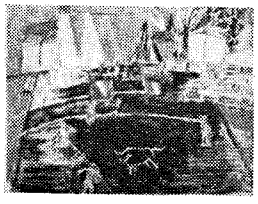

P-294. DUFY: *BULLFIGHT.* Aficionados and devotees of Dufy will appreciate this magnificent arena of reds, blues, oranges, white, and black; a superb silk-screen on heavy stock. 22½" high x 28½" wide. *Special* **2.98**

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P-248. KAETHE KOLLWITZ: *MOTHER AND CHILD.* A fine silk-screen reproduction of this sensitively rendered charcoal drawing in black and white on a heavy, 26" high x 20" wide sheet.
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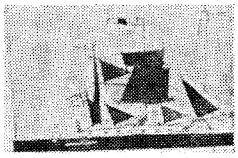
P-261. CRETAN WALL PAINTING: *BULL DANCERS.* A late Minoan frieze, dated about 1500 B.C., from the Palace at Knossos, depicting leapers or dancers in three positions of their intricate and deadly ritual cavorting with the sacred bull; a finely drawn, colorful work in reds, blues, yellows, browns, grays and black, silk screened on rag paper. 17" high x 46" wide. *Special* **4.95**



P-262. FEININGER: *SHIP WITH BLACK SAILS.* The handsomely outlined sails g immer with purple and charcoal against an orange-toned sky, the flags are blue and white and the hull of the ship is yellow. A fine silk-screen reproduction of this inspired cubist masterpiece. 18" high x 28" wide.
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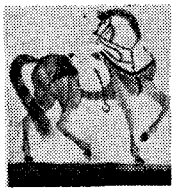
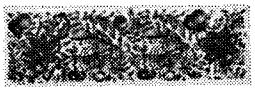


P-293. HORSE — AMERICAN FOLK ART. A delightful steel-pen drawing by one of the numerous anonymous artists of the period, circa 1840 — in brown ink and watercolors of tan, green and red against a tinted background. Silk-screen. 23" x 17½". *Special* **2.98**



P-264. PARTRIDGE PANEL. A glowing example of Russian folk art has been expertly silk-screened onto a special, handmade rice paper in deep, clear tones of blue-green, aquamarine, pale blue, yellow-greens and shades of yellow. A handsome decorator item that will enhance any room. 12" high x 39" wide.
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P-282. PICASSO: *TWO SATYRS AND GOAT.* This lighthearted scene in blues, greens, tan, black and white has been superbly silk-screened from a linoleum block done in 1959. Heavy rag stock; 18" high x 21¾" wide.
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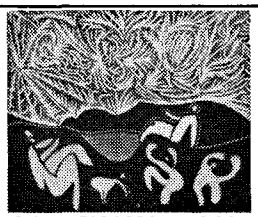

P-281. PICASSO: *BACCHANAL WITH GOAT.* A serigraph of this 1959 linoleum block is impressively rendered in strong blue, green, black and white with warm, sand - colored figures. Heavy rag stock: 18" x 21¾". *Special* **2.98**

P-226. *MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.* This decorative panel of medieval lutes, harps and zithers in metallic gold, outlined in rich wood-brown, with a metallic gold border, has been silk-screened onto a handmade, white rice paper. A handsome and unusual conversation piece for your home. 9½" high x 32" wide picture area.
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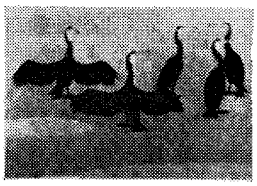
P-279. MEDIEVAL MANUSCRIPT III. Hunting scene silk-screened onto parchment paper in metallic gold, reds, blues, greens, pink, gray, brown. 22¼" x 15½". *Special* **2.98**



P-233. KAYO YAMAGUCHI: *CORMORANTS.* Regal sea birds in teal blue, black, green, brown, yellow and white. Yellow-green background. Silk screen. 20" x 29½".
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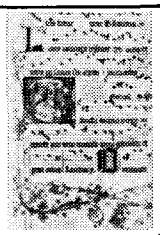

P-278. ILLUMINATED LETTER. Serigraph of a 1487 music manuscript on parchment paper. Letter illuminated with the Birth of the Virgin in green, red, yellow, metallic gold; blue-purple initial letter. 24" x 17". *Special* **2.98**

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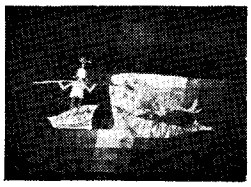

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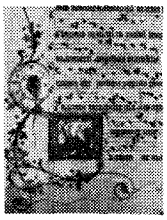

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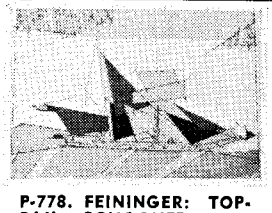

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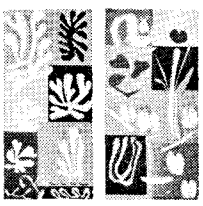

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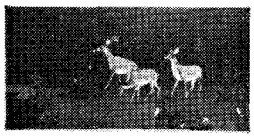

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10-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

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(*Continued from page* 29)
erb, no village can stand. Nor any city. Nor our whole land."

In these two tales Solzhenitsyn follows the traditions of nineteenth-century Russian literature in illuminating dilemmas of the human condition which, official Soviet denials notwithstanding, continue to exist even in Soviet society.

Obviously done in a great hurry, the translation leaves much to be desired. Mr. Blackstock's introduction, in which he attempts to give an over-all picture of Soviet literature, is unfortunately not only oversimplified but seriously misleading as well. There are some misprints, and one wonders why, in the glossary, the translator thought it necessary to identify Turgenev but not Kaganovich, who was for many years the boss of Russia's railroads.

A Bid for the Last Laugh

The Elephant, *by Slawomir Mrozek, translated from the Polish by Konrad Syrop (Grove. 176 pp. $3.95), satirizes in forty-two vignettes contemporary Poland's political, social, and economic life. Some of Antoni Gronowicz's novels are set in Poland.*

By ANTONI GRONOWICZ

THIS reviewer traveled last summer through Poland and talked with many people, including writers, composers, and painters. He discovered—contrary to popular belief in the West—that citizens have freedom of expression and even freedom to criticize governmental authorities. An example is Slawomir Mrozek, a thirty-three-year-old fiction writer and dramatist, who in 1957 received the *Nowa Kultura* literary weekly prize for the best book of the year, *The Elephant*. In the summer of 1963 he was awarded third prize in a national play competition, sponsored by the Ministry of National Defense, for his comedy *The Game and the Death of a Lieutenant*. This play is now being prepared by the country's leading director, Zygmunt Hubner, for staging at the Old Theatre in Cracow.

Despite his bitter satirical mood, which at times borders on complete negation, Mrozek is printing his stories in government papers, publishing his books in state-owned publishing houses, and seeing his plays produced on the stages of the major theatres. He is not an isolated example. Many other writers with similar feelings toward present-day life in Poland are publishing their own works, including poets Leon Pasternak and S. J. Lec, novelists Roman Bratny, Bohdan Czeszko, and Zbigniew Mitzner, and one of the foremost dramatists, Roman Brandstaetter. All of them enjoy popularity.

The Elephant is a collection of forty-two vignettes that satirize in masterful strokes Polish political, social, and economic life. In Mrozek's writing one finds something of Kafka and something of the Russian writer Zoshchenko: he shares with the former a deep awareness of human misery, with the latter a nonchalant yet exciting sense of reality. Two Polish writers, Wiech Wiechecki and Bruno Szulc, have also influenced his style. Szulc taught him to exploit, in a hyperbolic fashion, comparisons between human life and the animal world, while from Wiechecki he learned to construct precise frames for his vignettes.

Through Mrozek's stories one observes at close range life in contemporary Poland, with all its bureaucratic stupidities and melancholic indifference—superbly portrayed in the third vignette, "The Elephant," from which the book derives its title. Another piece, "A Fact," is a highly amusing satire on quick marriages, while "The Cooperative" is a sharp attack on the government alcohol monopoly, which plentifully supplies spirits to the thirsty. Chauvinism is the theme of "The Last Hussar"; in "Spring in Poland" Mrozek makes a direct assault on political figures of the present day; the stupidity of high officials who are afraid of even the mildest criticism is described in the vignette entitled innocently "Children." Perhaps the best selection in the volume is "The Parable of the Miraculous Escape," which describes the good German Eric Kraus who was an obedient Nazi in Hitler's time and an excellent democrat during Herr Chancellor Adenauer's regime.

THIS slim book is proof that in Poland the people are laughing at the establishment, while building and adjusting to their new way of life. It also testifies to the survival of the country's irrepressible spirit and wit.

"It's Saturday night!"

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Jury Against the General

The Trial of Charles de Gaulle, *by Alfred Fabre-Luce, translated from the French by Antonia White (Praeger. 270 pp. $4.95), imagines the controversial President summoned before the French Senate and charged with breaches of the Constitution. Alexander Werth is the author of "France 1940-1955" and "The De Gaulle Revolution."*

By ALEXANDER WERTH

THIS interesting but highly irritating book was published in France last year under the title *Haute Cour*, but most of the copies were seized by the police on the ground that it constituted an insult to the Head of State. The President of the Republic is indeed protected against "insult" by a law of 1881, and there has been some discussion in the French press lately as to whether it is reasonable to apply this statute to General de Gaulle. Under the Third Republic the President was no more than a figurehead; under the Fifth he is in fact the Head of State, and it has become a little too easy to interpret any sharp criticism of government policy as a personal insult to de Gaulle.

Alfred Fabre-Luce's book is the record of a fictional trial of de Gaulle which takes place after the fall of the Fifth Republic. Charged with numerous breaches of the Constitution—including the abandonment of Algeria, part of France's national territory, without the consent of the French population—the General is tried by France's upper house, the Senate, which has been turned into a high court (as in fact it was after World War I, when it tried two ex-ministers, Caillaux and Malvy, on various charges). The witnesses include a number of actual personages, whose "testimony" has been taken from their public statements.

While much of the author's criticism of de Gaulle is sound, and he maintains a seemingly good-natured tone and air of objectivity—the platitudinous counsel for the defense is given almost as much space as the hard-hitting public prosecutor—the story constitutes a vicious attack on de Gaulle bordering on the pathological. The uninitiated reader may not notice it, but M. Fabre-Luce is in reality much less concerned with de Gaulle's breaches of the Constitution or even with his abandonment of Algeria (which he achieved by pursuing for four years a Machiavellian policy of "all-round deception and double-crossing") than with debunking the "de Gaulle myth" generally. Going a long way back, he sets out to show that de Gaulle's famous 1934 book on tank warfare contained a serious gap which was not filled in until the book was reprinted during the war. Only in this later edition did de Gaulle, with the benefit of hindsight, stress the supreme importance of aircraft in modern warfare.

Fabre-Luce further suggests that de Gaulle might have been a perfectly good Vichyite if only General Weygand had not crossed his name off the list of ministers that Pétain had drawn up in June 1940 before proposing an armistice to Hitler. De Gaulle's wartime record, in the author's view, was an unmitigated series of blunders. He also holds de Gaulle responsible for the "civil war" that took place in France at the time of the Liberation, by which he means the reprisals taken by de Gaulle and "his Communist allies" against Nazi collaborators and Vichyites.

M. Fabre-Luce himself happened to be one of the victims of this "purge," and it was hardly surprising. In January 1941 he published in Occupied Paris the first volume of his *Journal de la France*, a frantic plea for wholehearted acceptance by France of Hitler's "European Order." It is the most nauseating book that I know of to have been published by a Frenchman. Later, when Hitler's fortunes were declining, Fabre-Luce modified his views somewhat and became a Vichyite instead of a collaborator, and even got into trouble with the Germans at one stage. But his hatred for de Gaulle remained as intense as ever, and this book is above all a Vichyite's vendetta against Pétain's number one enemy.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 12, 14, 2, 10, 9, 11, 8, 1, 5, 13, 4, 20, 16, 18, 7, 19, 15, 17, 6.

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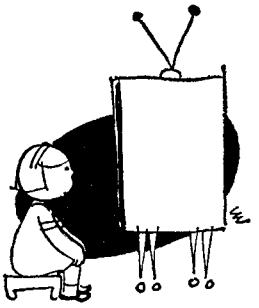
Of Sinks and Stoves

***The Domesticated Americans,** by Russell Lynes (Harper & Row. 291 pp. $6.50), which explores the U.S. home from parlor to bath, is, in its author's words, "partly a discussion of manners, partly an opinionated critique of domestic architecture, and partly an exercise in social history." Cleveland Amory is author of "The Proper Bostonians" and "Who Killed Society?", and editor of the forthcoming "Celebrity Register."*

By CLEVELAND AMORY

IN a long career of reviewing books, we have occasionally come across those that seemed to have everything but the kitchen sink. *The Domesticated Americans* actually *has* a kitchen sink—in fact, it has a discussion of the two-pump wooden sink, the iron sink, the copper sink, and the soap-stone sink.

All in all, Russell Lynes is obviously so at home on the range and communi-



cates his enthusiasm for it so infectiously that the only danger is that in his larder lore he sometimes seems to run out of sauces. "The most humane contribution that the nineteenth century made to the kitchen was window screening," he tells us sternly. "But the history of the wire screen business is murky, to say the least, and the annals of those who have an interest in their past are full of contradictions and the not-very-accurate reminiscences of the men who were in on the beginnings of the screen business."

Writing with equal authority about the rest of the American home that there is and evidently has been no place like, Lynes takes us from the upstairs parlor ("The gentlemen spit, talk of elections and the price of produce and spit again," he quotes the famed English traveler Mrs. Trollope as saying), to the even farther upstairs bedroom ("One cannot overestimate the importance to the changes wrought in the upstairs of the house in the evolving understanding of health and sanitation and the fight against disease"), until we finally wind up in—you guessed it—the bath. "There was, starting in the 1860s and continuing for several decades," the author notes, "a period when the earth closet was considered safer than the flush toilet."

Just why Mr. Lynes has chosen to hang his hat on the American hatrack—and make no mistake about it, he has hung it very effectively—is best explained by the author himself. "This is partly a discussion of manners," he writes in his foreword, "partly an opinionated critique of domestic architecture and partly an exercise in social history." And if these parts sometimes add up to an occasionally puzzling whole (the author's definition of what he was doing is a good deal clearer to him than it was to this reader), still, reading between the Lynes, he had a grand good time with it all.

Strains on the Bra Straps: Suburban housewives who wish to stay married to their commuter husbands should prepare themselves for Jerome Beatty, Jr.'s *The Girls We Leave Behind* (Doubleday, $3.95); for all its hilarity, this "Terribly Scientific Study of American Women at Home" doesn't picture its subjects as entirely lovable. On the level, girls, the book makes us out to be a group of frustrated, unhappy will-o'-the-wisps who can face up to life only by downing a rye on the rocks every day before noon.

The reason we're in this predicament, according to Beatty, is that our husbands, who are absent from home "throughout the entire day, much of the evening, and often for a weekend," have turned over to us their traditional authority as the heads of the house. In order to meet this challenge we wives have been extended beyond our capabilities to the point where we are forced to indulge in a host of temporary expedients or improvisations—such as having our children buy their lunch in the drugstore, fixing our broken bra straps with safety pins, using the telephone to hold meetings, cashing checks at the dry cleaners, and letting our husbands make their own breakfasts. We also don't know our own sexual quotients, and there is not one of us "who would

Mist

"Perhaps there is a secret to be told . . ."

By Robert Pack

MIST before dawn. Banished wishes
Spook nimbly through the spangled fern,
Mud-pools mumble, moss musk burns;
Moonlight hushes licking edges
Of the lake, glistens cobwebs, polishes
Toad-stools until their thin skins quake;
Moths' eyes startle, whispers wake.
In a grove between three pulpy stumps,
Ripples of fishes from the lake's breeze waft
With wet fur-smell to the sniffing leaves,
To the snake's uncoil, to the first fox sneeze.
Spirits stray, the day holds back,
Moonlight bubbles in the lake:
Before it rings, take out and break
Apart the clock, hide its right hand
Beneath a stone, stride three long steps,
Then spin around, lean to the south,
With its left hand unlock the shaggy tree.
Released at last I will leap forth,
Expecting you expecting me.

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not go to bed with another man if the circumstances were propitious."

Beatty's rehabilitation program calls for a commission of bachelors and spinsters to study us, clinics to help us solve our nonsexual problems, a massive educational campaign to convince the public that a girl is not an utter failure if she never marries, and, of course, that old dodge—the repeal of the Nineteenth Amendment. No man, it seems, will ever believe that a woman can vote and still not be his equal.

Most husbands, of course, would probably ignore *The Girls We Leave Behind* if the author were a sociologist or a psychiatrist, or even Anne Lindbergh (they know we like Anne Lindbergh). But since he turns out instead to be a husband in his own right, and since Mrs. Beatty was unable to prevent him from writing and publishing his book, every married commuter in the land is going to believe every word of it. And the horrible fact is that most of it is true, if somewhat trite. So, girls, the only thing to do until Beatty's storm blows over is to promise to reform and then go home to mother. By the time you return, it will probably—unfortunately—all be forgotten.

—IOLA HAVERSTICK.

Urbs and Suburbs: Contemporary novelists quite often cast their observations in the form of essays, and at times their nonfiction can reach extremes of compassion and anger that match or exceed their fictional efforts. We have had in recent years collected essays from such gifted men as James T. Farrell, Benjamin De Mott, James Baldwin, David Cort, Herbert Gold, and Harvey Swados, and their volumes have told us a good deal about the writers, ourselves, and our concerns.

Now we have a smorgasbord of slight essays by Jerome Weidman, little exercises full of pompous and obvious pronouncements on such matters as the United Nations and the joys of reading. A number of the pieces in *Back Talk* (Random House, $4.95) are devoted to the differences between suburban and big-city life; and we are provided with interminable over-cute bits about being a father. The author of the recent overstuffed novel *The Sound of Bow Bells*, a work chronicling the rise of a young writer who finks out, has a few literary comments to offer us: he notes that the main concern of the novelist "is the labyrinth in which are concealed the secret chambers of the human heart"; he tells us that his favorite author is W. Somerset Maugham, and that *Vanity Fair* is "far and away the greatest novel in the language."

Whether describing his wartime perils or discussing golf, Weidman attempts the necessary pose of an iconoclast; but he is no radical prophet, and he remains in essence more Jerome than Jeremiah. If there is an American Establishment he might well be its mouthpiece.

Weidman's essays are far too slick; but, more important, they lack the sense of caring, the feeling that the author wrote them because he had to. Harvey Swados in his epigraph to *A Radical's America* quotes from Chekhov:

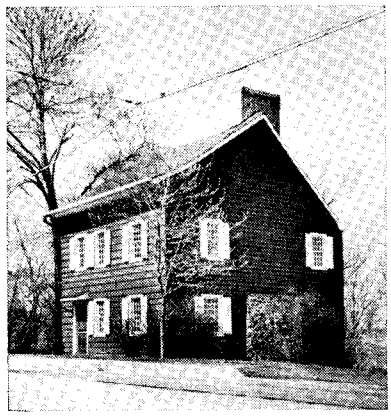
> There ought to be, behind the door of every happy, contented man, someone standing with a hammer, continually reminding him with a tap that there are unhappy people.

Part of Weidman's failure is that he doesn't seem to have heard that tap, tap, tap. The rest is due to a steady tone of triviality.

—CHARLES SHAPIRO.

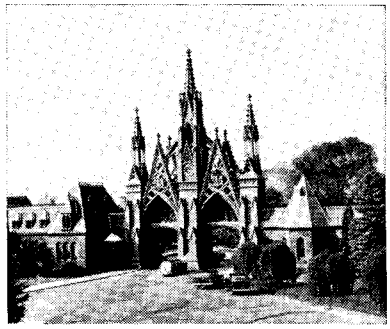
Jefferson Market Courthouse.

Iron Bridge, Central Park.

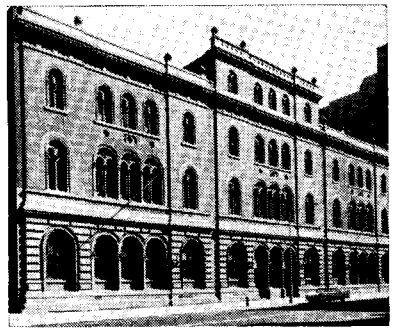


Voorlezer's House, Staten Island.

The Face of the City: The Municipal Art Society, which for seventy years has devoted its efforts to promoting the highest standards for architecture and planning in New York's five boroughs, has now sponsored publication of *New York Landmarks* (Wesleyan University Press, $12.50). The 150 structures presented have been chosen for their architectural value, rather than age or sentimental association, as deserving to be saved from the wreckers' bulldozers. The accompanying text by Alan Burnham calls attention to the distinctive characteristics of each. At the same time, Brendan Gill in his foreword warns against fear of all change; it may be, he says, that the city's habit of constantly making itself over "isn't merely the source of its life but the secret of its charm."



Green-Wood Cemetery Gates.



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THE OLD TRAILS WEST. By Ralph Moody. Crowell. $6.95.

PEACHTREE STREET, U.S.A.: An Affectionate Portrait of Atlanta. By Celestine Sibley. Doubleday. $4.50.

Archeology

THE WORLD OF THE PAST. Edited by Jacquetta Hawkes. Knopf. Two volumes, boxed. $20.

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Letters

Continued from page 17

not in the usual labored way of Shakespeare. I immediately compared the two and prefer Mr. Fiske's.

HARRILU RICH.

Norwalk, Calif.

I HAVE BEEN interested in the controversy over the possible justification of *Hamlet* in current English.

Being by nature prejudiced in favor of poetic values, I like the King James version of the Bible, but I have associates, highly scientific, who favor the two later translations into present-day English.

The contemporary form of *Hamlet*, as offered by Irving Fiske, seems another similar case. From what I have read of it, it appears to be fully as carefully and efficiently done as the two last Bible translations. As prejudiced as many of us naturally are, perhaps the Fiske translation has a value for many people.

HERBERT C. ALLEN, JR.

Rochester, Vt.

THE BEST THING that has happened to Shakespeare since it was written!

FRANK S. HOUGHTON.

Jacksonville, Fla.

PRO-CIARDI

THE TWO ANTI-CIARDI letters in *SR*'s October 5 issue made me think it was time for a letter from a Ciardi fan. I find that his articles never fail to entertain and occasionally serve to inform. An indispensable ingredient of Ciardian wit is his willingness to stick out his neck. No matter if I sometimes disagree—it makes for a delightful vicarious free-for-all.

And when John Ciardi feels called on to make a statement about poets and poetry, it is done in the most touchingly heartfelt and judicious manner. The man obviously feels a responsibility toward his readers to make his opinions clear and eloquent and to communicate his commitment to poetry, hoping thereby to instruct and perhaps convert. How anybody could fail

to perceive at least this is one of the mysteries of the reading public. In addition, Ciardi's criteria for good poetry are liberal and reduced to essentials, as only the criteria of a mellowed toiler in the craft could be.

Finally, to be impartially frank, I must admit I don't like most of the poems that appear in *SR*. But real poets are long and hard in the making, and I really don't see how there could be enough of them to keep *SR* (not to mention the other poetry-printing magazines) supplied with poems every single issue of the year.

NINA FILONOV.

Cambridge, Mass.

MAY I SAY that the first part of *SR* I turn to is MANNER OF SPEAKING, by John Ciardi. His ideas are stimulating, relevant to our times, and sometimes quite hilarious.

HELEN SHOCKLEY.

Barrington, Ill.

Periodicals

Continued from page 27

only be exemplified. Each contributor became, under Leavis's editorship, a role-model of how the sensibility realizes an adequate response, to itself, for itself, and thus for the cultured minority and ultimately for the whole community. The essence of *Scrutiny*'s attitude and method, and the reason for its extraordinary achievement, can be seen in a Leavis phrase about T. S. Eliot's genius, "a disturbing force and therefore capable of ministering to life"; for Establishments exist to reinforce attitudes, not to disturb them, and they perpetuate themselves by such reinforcement.

But brilliant as Leavis's success was, his necessary failure was as alarming; for the Gresham's law of culture is now more vigorous in Britain, and everywhere else, than it was when Leavis started. It has just been more effective in Britain than elsewhere, for Britain was the first country to experience the full impact of the industrial revolution. The English fear the Americanization of England; I fear the Anglicization of the United States. Only the passionate bitterness of a Leavis could have provided the force to struggle at all.

Bard of Albuquerque

By Reeve Spencer Kelley

I USED to burn a lot
Of bad poetry up
In the hills, my lack of fame
Drifting, in a calico haze,
Through the larches.

One year my mediocrity
Attracted three forest rangers
And a smoke jumper, when,
In an unbelievable tense scene,
I promised our National
Forest Service I would write
Better poetry, for the love of God
And the sanctity of trees.

But the whole thing only
Amounted to a quatrain,
And Whitman still up there,
"Roaring in the pines"
Attracting no one.

The cruel chains of poverty

Like most children, Stephanie Kollias says her prayers when she goes to bed—but Stephanie's prayers are different. She prays for summer, not because school will be out, but because she will be warm. She prays for food, not just for herself, but for her parents and brothers and sisters.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Slightly Damp and a Little Clammy

TWO of the greatest attractions in the Northwest, now that they have closed the Fair at Seattle in order to open it next spring in New York, is the rain forest of the Olympics and Mount Rainier of the national park of the same name. The rain forest should not be confused with Mount Rainier, where it hardly ever rains since it is so busy snowing.

The rain forest is located on the west side of the Olympic National Park, which occupies the heart of the Olympic Peninsula, a square land mass west of Seattle. The trouble with Olympic National Park, as far as I'm concerned, is that one has to tiptoe around it like a kid around a haunted house, making huge swings outside its boundaries, then suddenly, when an opportunity arises, darting quickly along a penetrating road to have a look inside. The roads, alas, do not penetrate very far, and one is forced to backtrack to the highway again and pick up the peripheral trail. After about the third hour of this, any less than avid sightseer, not eager to slop through a dripping forest, might very well be inspired to say the hell with it and head for Yosemite.

Dogged practically to the point of nausea, and hemmed in by a National Park ranger on one side and a flack from the state on the other, I stayed with the tour as it rounded Sappho, then headed south to the lumber town known, with a rather singular lack of imagination, as Forks. Somewhere south of that center of civilization we turned off the highway and daintily edged into the rain forest. The weather obliged by dripping steadily, and a gray mist hung over the place like melancholia in a debilitated Southern household. A ranger handed us some soggy booklets which said that although rain forests are more likely found in the tropics where rainfall is heavy, the precipitation in these leaky acres, 130 to 150 inches a year, is higher than in most tropical areas of the Americas. We would likely find not merely trees and shrubs, but also plants, ferns, mosses, lichens, fungi, microscopic plants, and animal life, both large and small.

"It has been said that a forest is like an enormous umbrella with holes in it," the booklet said, and that was certainly true, for the rain was dripping down the neck and creeping, with unerring direction, between the edge of the shoe and the beginning of the sock, and running down the ankle en route to the toes. "Some people," said the ranger, who suggested we take a nature walk, "prefer to see a rain forest when it is raining." He said it in a way that suggested that the same people might prefer Miami Beach in the sunshine, and that one might be expected to ask for a return of one's money if the weather didn't perform as expected.

The tall trees under which we stood, without avail I might add, turned out to be Sitka spruces. They grow along the Pacific Coast from Kodiak Island, Alaska, to Northern California, and the ones on hand here were judged to be about 300 years old. As anyone reasonably handy with an abacus can immediately determine, that takes them back to about 1663, or a time of life when the boundaries of New Spain were established at a point just south of Charleston, South Carolina. It was still 100 years before the occupation of California. The largest Sitka spruce in the park is 13 feet 4 inches in girth, and about 300 feet high, as tall as a thirty-story building.

BESIDES the lofty Sitka spruces, there are also vine maples that loop in arches over the marked pathways. Sword ferns grow underfoot, shaded by the branches of Sitkas and Douglas firs, which occasionally reach out as far as 100 feet. Spruce and hemlock seedlings take root, although the whole place is as dark and about as nourishing, for the seedlings of Douglas firs, as a cocktail lounge. The largest Douglas fir is 250 feet high, or about the height of a twenty-five-story building. It rises above Queets Trail. If the days of the Douglas fir seem to be numbered, the rain forest seems sure to exist into perpetuity, however long that may be. The rain continually washes away at the earth, but the process is slowed a bit by the trees and bushes that catch the fall in mid-flight, releasing it later in shining drops that hang precariously from the tips of needles and from leaves, finally falling into the spongy broadloom of the forest floor that also holds it for a while.

Bugs and old age finally do the trees in, but when the old tree falls it becomes, in its supine position, something of a hatchery for other seedlings that grow well in the wet, rotting logs. About 100 different kinds of moss carpet the floor of the forest, and one particularly dramatic cluster of moss-hung trees has been labeled, no doubt by some soul-filled naturalist, as the Hall of Mosses.

Besides the sloggers who tramp along the soggy trails, the forest is also shared by small and medium-sized animals. The Douglas squirrel lives in holes in the trees and munches merrily on the seeds of maples, Douglas firs, and Sitka

Driftwood along the Olympic Peninsula—mahogany logs, Japanese fishing floats, and eighteen razor clams per day.

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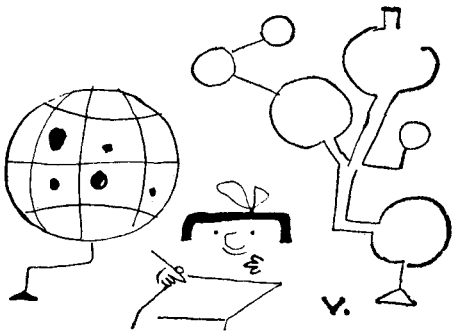
spruces. Flying squirrels live in the forest, too, but as squirrels go they are night owls. Skunks and raccoons are other inhabitants, not to mention weasels, shrews, and deer mice. The clear open spaces of the rain forest, an uncommon feature, are provided by courtesy of the Roosevelt elk that live here. There are about 5,000 head in residence, and they live, socially enough, in herds of 100 or so, mostly in the western valleys. Some vacation in the highland meadows in summer, but the autumn snows send them down to the lowlands again. They eat the beautiful salmon berries in summer, and when the velvet is on their horns they rub it against the trees frequently, stripping the bark in the process. They are, whether they know it or not, preparing



for the fall fight for wives. In the proper season, rain forest visitors can hear the males bugling challenges to each other like Middle Eastern countries. There is very little that is refined about the love life of an elk—the lodge members will excuse the similarity of names and be assured no offense is intended—for one bull may have as many as seventy wives. An elk who ain't handy with his horns is likely to be resigned to a life of enforced celibacy. If you thought things were better off in the rain forest, there you are.

Having blotted up most of the dew, and admired the beauties of the rushing streams where the rainwater washes the water parsley as if it were flowing hair, we retraced our steps back to the main road again and put in for a look at Ruby Beach. I ought to explain at this point that while the main chunk of Olympic National Park is wholly inland, there is also a seaside strip that exists as a separate parcel, much in the manner of East and West Pakistan, which are separated by real estate belonging to India. The particular situation here in the Northwest has been purposely gerrymandered in this way in order to provide some control over the beach areas, a growing realm of interest among the conservationists.

Ruby Beach, which I visited, is an amazing strip strewn with an incredible tangle of bark-stripped trees that have floated down the big rivers into the ocean to be washed ashore here. Occasionally one might also come upon mahogany logs that have floated all the way from the Philippines, glass balls that came loose from fishing floats in Japan, and shiny agates dropped there by nature. Strange flat rocks grow on Ruby Beach and trees sprout from them. It doesn't seem a beach one would want to swim from, but some people come to dig for razor clams and others to wander among the driftwood, as well as among the salmon berries and the ferns that grow inshore.

Digging for razor clams is an energetic sport in Washington, for the clams have ears, or radar or something, and at the first scrape of the shovel they start digging in the general direction of China. Man, the canny beast, has found a way around this, by scouting the sands first for sight of the tiny air hole which the clam leaves. Upon hearing a human step the clam might take offensive action, which, in his case, is to squirt sea water through his air hole. A good hunter then takes two quick shovelsful of sand on the sea side of the hole, then plunges a hand into the hole trying to grab at the clam's shell. The clam, all the while, is employing his digger, a sort of Y-shaped toe that works at a feverish pace so the rest of him doesn't become clam chowder.

The legal limit on razor clams is eighteen per person per day, which ought to be enough for chowder, fried clams, fritters, and baked clams on the half shell. The eighteen-clam limit is extended to anyone capable of digging, and if your four-month-old baby is backward and can't dig a clam, well, *tant pis*. You can't dig *his* clams for him. The season closed, I am sorry to report, on September 15, and you'll have to wait until it opens again on March 1. For razor clam fanciers of the Northwest, it's a long, hard winter.

—Horace Sutton.

Once We Ate Roses

By Jeannette Nichols

ONCE we ate rose petals
rolling pearls of dew and all
bit the bottoms
off honeysuckle buds

chewed mint
but now it's bread

and we
are nearly always hungry.

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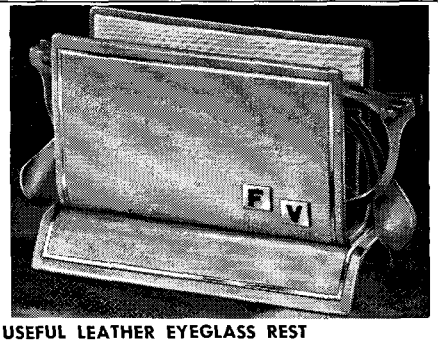

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TV AND RADIO

The Powerless Hero

SOCIAL workers are seeing their image reflected in a network television series for the first time and many of them don't like it. The National Association of Social Workers acts as consultant for *East Side, West Side,* a new CBS program, and a representative tells us that the professional organization has received complaints from social workers in the field. Some of the complainers have charged that the character of Neil Brock, a big-time social worker played by George C. Scott, has violated important canons of the profession in several instances. Objections have also been directed at the role of Brock's supervisor, Frieda Hechlinger (played by Elizabeth Wilson). She doesn't act like a supervisor, say the real-life social workers, and she doesn't control her emotions. Their fictional prototypes, the complainers point out, work in a depressing office that suggests old-fashioned charity.

The NASW expected protests, however. It points out that Mr. Scott alone has script approval, that the professional organization makes suggestions that are frequently not taken. The NASW also tells protesting social workers that its telephone surveys in many cities indicate that the public is not disturbed about the points raised by the professionals and that viewers generally have a favorable image of the leading characters, who seem to them to communicate a sense of "caring" for their clients. The NASW hopes that the series will survive its early production headaches and do a responsible job of reflecting social workers as they really are.

I have watched all the shows to date and have shared some of the doubts of the letter-writers; but I have appreciated the effort obviously being made by the series to give us a protagonist who is humanly fallible, unpretentious, and not an omnipotent Mr. Fixit. Mr. Scott is an able actor, albeit rather consistently grim in his portrayal of the understated but inwardly suffering Neil Brock. He seems chronically insistent, when the chips are down, that his clients solve their own problems.

Moreover, this is an East Coast production; it's not as deft as a West Coast product. An air of drabness marks the show and perhaps that's essential in a lower-class socio-economic context. But that's not the crucial matter. The series hasn't come off so far in spite of its good intentions—and not entirely because of much behind-the-scenes turmoil in fixing a course. *East Side, West Side* has the problem of the contradictory hero. Neil Brock is a static figure, involved in the troubles of his clients but not much affected by their destinies.

Brock is not a protagonist in the dramatic sense; he does not himself pass through any irreversible crises. We see that he is hurt by the world's evil and by his own limitations in fighting society's stupidities, but his sufferings are no greater than the ordinary man's. Neither do his clients suffer dramatically. A prostitute who loves her baby—and can care for it—has it taken from her; a young man receives a suspended sentence for statutory rape and loses a medical career, even though he and his girl love each other and want to marry; an alcoholic and an emotionally disturbed veteran clash in a sado-masochistic encounter but presumably make up—these are the show's standard situations. The stakes were important to the actors in these small melodramas, but I was left untouched. One sympathized in a detached way but did not identify. It is in the nature of the social worker's world that there are no cops and robbers. In this series, the ritual of crime and punishment, in which life and death are at stake, is not acted out so that the viewer may indulge the instincts of criminal and judge. In this ritual, exemplified by the Westerns and the courtroom dramas, character is not essential: the corpse and the scaffold are enough. In Mr. Scott's *Hamlet* of the metropolis, the hero doesn't kill, he doesn't die. The drama ebbs away in the gutters of a big city's sordid pathos. Neil Brock is socially impotent; his clients are victims of society. Neither he nor they transcend their limitations with any high quality of word or action. As viewers, if we are not impaled, or if we do not transcend ourselves, we are not emotionally released.

East Side, West Side can attempt more sensational social themes; perhaps these can solve the problem of the impotent hero; but social themes are abstractions, and psychiatry is personal, intimate. The social worker deals with individuals: if the series builds up the clients it undercuts the star. If it stays with the lead, it diminishes the clients. The dilemma is a tough one. Television could do with new heroes of thought and feeling rather than physical action; but if Neil Brock is to be such a hero he must develop some power.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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New American Cinema?

"OCT. 12, 471 years ago, Columbus discovered America. Today you discover the New American Cinema!" read a mailing piece sent to film *aficionados* in the Los Angeles area not long ago. By midnight of Columbus Day, perhaps 500 cinematic Columbi were milling around the doors of the Cinema Theatre, a small art house in Hollywood, impatiently waiting for such old-fangled Hollywood pap as *David and Lisa* to get off the screen and let the new be born. It was an interesting crowd—interesting because it was so completely the counterpart of those who used to turn up for midnight screenings at New York's Charles and Bleecker Street Theatres, interesting, too, because it so faithfully preserved the bearded, blue-jeaned stereotype of the beatnik intellectual.

New American Cinema is not precisely new to Los Angeles. It has existed for better than a year in the "underground" that NAC leader Jonas Mekas likes to write about—showings in out-of-the-way film societies and private homes. But for the first time it was emerging above ground, if not into the full light of day; and even the bearded organizer of the projected series, John Fles, confessed amazement at the size of the crowd produced by a single mailing and a bare minimum of advertising. Obviously, here was an audience sated with standard film fare, an audience avidly searching for the "far out," an audience demanding primarily that a film be "different."

Well, these were different. The first film shown was Stan Brakhage's *Dog Star Man*, an overblown bit of allegorical nonsense apparently intended to depict man's indomitable spirit, his constant striving upward. "Film critics are writers and they are hostile and uneasy in the presence of a visual phenomenon," the program note for the evening warned. Happily, film critics are writers who try to find some coherence in the visual phenomena presented them. If we were to go on Brakhage's images alone, we might point out that all of his trickery—fast motion shots, the camera at unlikely angles, his use of color filters—had been experimented with years ago, and far more effectively. And also that Brakhage, like many talented amateurs, has a tendency to fall in love with every frame he shoots. He must find a place for every precious foot, be it overexposed, underexposed, or out of focus.

As it is, for something like forty minutes we have shots of Brakhage, long hair flying in the wind, working his way up a mountainside, alternated with clips from various scientific and medical films. Were it not for its nonvisual, readily verbalized theme, *Dog Star Man* would have been an unmitigated bore.

On the other hand, Jack Smith's *Flaming Creatures*, the last film on the program, is far from boring—merely repulsive. A faggoty stag reel, it comes as close to hard-core pornography as anything ever presented in a theatre. In depicting the revels of its assorted perverts, the film studiously avoids imagination or suggestion. Everything is shown in sick and sickening detail, defiling at once both sex and cinema.

What emerged from Hollywood's first encounter with the New American Cinema was the suspicion that its advocates are less film makers than anti-film makers, rebels without either cause or purpose. Technically, they may be accused of sheer incompetence, while thematically they seem to be leading the way to a blind alley of self-indulgence and self-satisfaction from which there is no escape.

SO FAR as the first audience was concerned, there was no question about which film on the program it preferred. One of the announced pictures, we were informed, had been sent to Hawaii by mistake; in its place was a compilation of clips from American musicals of the Thirties. Ironically, these drew the only sincere applause of the evening from a crowd assembled to usher in the New American Cinema.

Indeed, by contrast even such inferior examples of the Old American Cinema *The Wheeler Dealers* and *Twilight of Honor* begin to look pretty good. True, they commit such NAC errors as having every shot steady and in focus, and the acting is always at least competent. But they also give off a sense of knowing where they are going and what they are about. *Wheeler Dealers*, with James Garner and Lee Remick, turns a Texas oil tycoon loose on the New York stock exchange, asking only—and getting only—a few laughs in return for this modest investment. *Twilight* introduces television's Dick Chamberlain to movie audiences not as an earnest young doctor but—think of it!—as an earnest young lawyer. Chamberlain's fans will be pleased to know that their Dr. Kildare has made the transition without the slightest fluster and, in fact, without any other discernible emotion.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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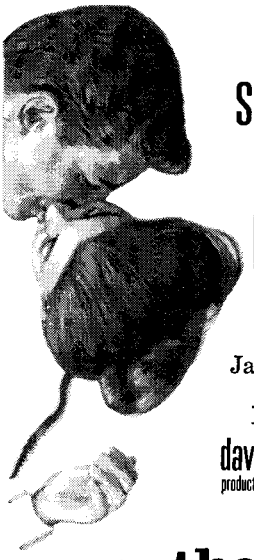
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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Manon non-Massenet—G. Pretre—Simoneau

FRENCH opera without French singers has become an unfortunate hardship of musical life in recent years, while the world mourns the lost generation of the war years and waits for the youngest one to develop international stature. But Rudolf Bing has made an evil of necessity in combining an almost wholly American cast led by an American conductor with a Germanic producing team in the Metropolitan's *first new production* of Massenet's *Manon* since—unbelievable as it may sound—since 1929.

This prizable opportunity to make the most of Anna Moffo's first Manon and the spirited conducting of Thomas Schippers has been subdued and dissipated by the scenery and costumes of Ita Maximowna in the production scheme of Günther Rennert. The décor could be correct in every painful detail and yet fails, as it consistently does, to evoke an atmosphere, set a mood, or, merely, complement the pretty tunes and artful workmanship of Massenet. What is lacking above all else is a flair for the style, say the kind of period workmanship that Massenet himself contrived for the 1702 ballet of the Cours la Reine scene. It is just those elements of charm, grace, and finesse that the composer applied to his period problem that is lacking in hers.

La Belle France is misserved almost from the start, with the charmless courtyard of the inn at Amiens, with its all too palpably artificial trees, where the romance—to title it politely—of Manon and Des Grieux begins. I don't insist on the summer house specified in the stage directions, but why conceal the lunching party of Guillot and de Bretigny, and their three girls, in the attic or another rear area of the second floor where they have no reality for the audience, or for Manon?

In the scene of Des Grieux's Paris apartment—a cheerless little *pied à terre* —a symbolic intrusion is offered at the moment preceding Des Grieux's abduction, when the rear wall becomes transparent and a vista of Paris is shown, with the kidnappers poised to act. Aside from the implication that Des Grieux's apartment has nothing between it and the street but the front door (though a maid had left moments before as if on the way to a kitchen), it makes no useful point. Likewise, the similar device at the end of the St. Sulpice Scene, when Manon overcomes Des Grieux's priestly resolution, and the rear lights up to show that he has "gone back to the world." All this is told in Massenet's music and need not be so literally underscored. The Hotel Transylvania Scene, colorful and functional, is the best of the six.

As much an impediment to Massenet's purpose is the costuming of *Manon:* yards of cloth and floppy picture hats in the majority of the scenes, which war with the fragility of the music and inhibit the action that they should encourage. No doubt a powerful, convinced group of performers, led by a conductor of irresistible purpose would have made these background values more of a distraction than a liability. Aside from Giorgio Tozzi, an American and an artist, who gave his typically distinguished performance as the Comte Des Grieux, this was a cast that needed more help than it got from its surroundings.

THE major victim was, unquestionably, Miss Moffo. Rennert's clear intent was to show a transformation from the wistful innocent of the first act to the wilful seductress of the St. Sulpice scene, but the steps were neither successive nor convincing. Miss Moffo has the physical appeal and the vocal resource to make an attractive Manon, but they are not as yet combined in a way to make her the dominant figure that this singing-acting role requires. The first act's "Voyons, Manon" was rather too tentative, her farewell to the table pathetic rather than heartrending. The Gavotte was prettily sung, and the appeal to Des Grieux had some of the enticement that one would have expected much earlier, but the depth of emotion for the preceding prayer or the ending death scene was barely subsurface. A strong Des Grieux doubtless would have helped, but Gedda's effort was curiously soft and unconvincing, vocally as well as dramatically.

Schippers's conducting, previously characterized as "spirited," was mainly so in its rhythmic definition and clean articulation of the note values. It did not, however, touch that layer of response where the sachet-like perfume of Massenet is concealed. Two such vocally dry performers as Alessio De Paolie as Guillot and Frank Guarerra as Lescaut hardly provide the kind of sound to further a conductor's purpose, for all the skill they command as actors. William Walker did well as De Bretigny, and should bear similar responsibilities in the future with credit. Among the three lunchers in Act I were two who were making debuts: Marcia Baldwin (Javotte) and Joann Grillo (Rosette). They concerted well with their senior sister, Jeanette Scovotti (Poussette). Alicia Markova's ballet for the Cours la Reine scene was in keeping with its musical motivation.

New production or not, *Manon* remains an unsolved problem as presently constituted. Miss Moffo may be expected to do better as her experience as Manon accumulates, likewise Schippers. But the areas of promise elsewhere are very much localized.

While a French opera was languishing for want of native flair, a talented French conductor was making much of his first opportunity here as guest conductor of the touring Royal Philharmonic of London. Though Sir Thomas Beecham died two years ago and there have been major changes in personnel since, it remains very much his orchestra. Given a conductor with the inclinations of George Prêtre, it can do a dream performance of Bizet's C-major Symphony, which was all finesse flexibility and refinement. Such assured and musical effort from the horns in the first movement, the lady oboe in the Adagio, all the woodwinds in the Scherzo, and the *tout ensemble* in the Finale is a rare and racy pleasure in Carnegie Hall. For the evening opening *Leonore* No. 3 of Beethoven and the closing Dvorák *New World,* the Royal Philharmonic style is somewhat deficient in tonal weight, a little soft in impact by the measure of our bigger-sounding string and brass players. However, Prêtre's first such effort in New York commended him as a French musician of the best sort, concerned with essentials rather than a trivial display of individuality.

ON the same evening a Metropolitan audience was enjoying some of the best vocal work of the young season, in a work where it would do the most good —Mozart's *Don Giovanni.* Moreover, the best of it did not come from the established names of the cast, but from such newcomers as Leopold Simoneau, who performed with the artistry and authority he has demonstrated elsewhere as Don Ottavio, and from Neyde Thomaz of Brazil, who has the sound and the manner to be welcome among Metropolitan Zerlinas. She did better in the ensembles than in her arias, but this was in the nature of her first effort in these surroundings. Paired with Simoneau as Donna Anna, as they have been many times abroad, was Teresa Stich-Randall, who exceeded even her previous Metropolitan efforts (Fiordiligi and one prior Donna Anna). Neither in

(*Continued on page* 55)

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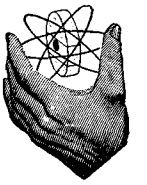
—Doug Anderson

SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



DEPARTMENTS: Research in America • Personality Portrait XCI
Science in Books • The Research Frontier • Letters

ARTICLE: The Future of the University

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

BREAKING THE ICE IN ANTARCTICA

THE unconscious mind of man is a shadowy, forbidding place where, it is rumored, the spirit walks and dreams of the not yet while dropping seeds from its substance for the next time. Poets and psychiatrists speak of it as though they were familiar; but the truth is lost with the track of their words in the dark. Who am I, with one small bowlful of brain and two mean handsful of courage, to try to explore what no one knows?

Yet I cannot escape wonder.

Could it be that under the conscious bickering with his fellows over trivialities that fills so much of his time on earth, man's unconscious feeds through the nerve cords pulling his muscles a rhythmic beat to steer him always toward survival of his species?

Only such a primitive guidance system could seem to explain what is happening now in Antarctica.

For the conscious strugglings of the intellectual elite of the planet have failed to bring the ruling men of the United States of America and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics to an understanding that would allow common inspection of engines of war.

So heavy laden with apprehension of impending terror are the peoples of the earth because of this failure of rapprochement that madness and near-madness are everywhere epidemic. Psychosis and neurosis have spread to such fantastic proportions that society's past copings with emotional aberration are reversed, and victims of nervous shock and abrasion are being freed from mental hospitals to find their own level amongst a bejittered populace.

But in Antarctica a dozen sovereign nations, American and Soviet among them, have by formal treaty decreed peace. Since the pact was finally ratified in 1961 they have repeatedly joined in expeditions through a wilderness of ice. There have been no clashes worth the permanence of a printed record. Sometime between the appearance of these words and the month of April 1964, a series of international inspections of the bases of exploration will be carried out by common consent.

In the long perspective of human survival, no other approach of modern science to the problems of the civilized animal holds so much potential significance. This frozen land, where the use of force as an instrument for settlement of differences has been abandoned, where pollution of the environment either by nuclear explosion or by radioactive waste from peaceable nuclear experiments has been proscribed, is inhabited almost exclusively by scientists intent on contemplation of man's ultimate dependence on the subtle interplay of overwhelming natural forces.

It is commonplace to note that if all the water congealed in the South Polar Icecap should be released, the levels of all earthly seas would rise 200 to 300 feet. Since millions of people make their homes along or near the coastlines of continents and islands, Antarctica's glaciers thus remotely control the destinies of a large fraction of the human race.

But the meaning of the Antarctic Continent is neither that black-and-white nor that simple. An ice sheet with an average thickness of a mile and a half, an area of 5,000,000 square miles, and a 12,400 mile perimeter is hardly likely to melt with sufficient speed to catch mankind unaware. Antarctica's influence is a tardy thing, intricate therefore, traceable only through years of study and perhaps not predictable until after decades of research is done.

For example, it is almost certain that man is changing his heritage by constantly pouring carbon dioxide from factory smokestacks into the atmosphere. Is there a danger more imminent than might be met competently by gradual mutation to fit the new environment? The antarctic is invaluable for the establishment of benchmarks. The ratio between carbon dioxide and other constituent gases of the atmosphere there can be taken as a constant against which to gauge carbon dioxide ratios elsewhere on the globe. But the length of time required for any such experiment (and it should be observed that one such is underway now) is obvious.

Even more vital to man than the absence of pollutants from the antarctic atmosphere is the absence of water vapor. This is a circumstance that governs the climate of the entire planet by regulating the distribution of incoming heat from the sun.

Water vapor traps solar radiation reflected back into space by the earth's surface and maintains the level of warmth, as in a greenhouse. But the south polar air is too cold to hold the vapor, hence much of the incoming heat escapes at once. This turns the antarctic region into a huge refrigerator, which works as follows.

The excess heat of the equatorial belt is carried steadily poleward by the coupled churnings of the air and the sea beneath. In the neighborhood of the pole, both the air and the sea are dominated by an icecap which, though geologically young, has existed to some extent for more than 20,000 years and has accumulated enough weight to push Antarctica's continental shelf four times deeper into the sea than the margins of earth's other six continents. Even after having thus depressed the planet's crust, the icecap still stands as an enormous dome 14,000 feet above sea level.

Under the warming influence of the summer sun, which remains above the horizon continuously during half the year, melting occurs and icebergs as big as the state of Connecticut drift off and remain adrift through many years of independent life. In winter, the icecap doubles its extent, moving northward

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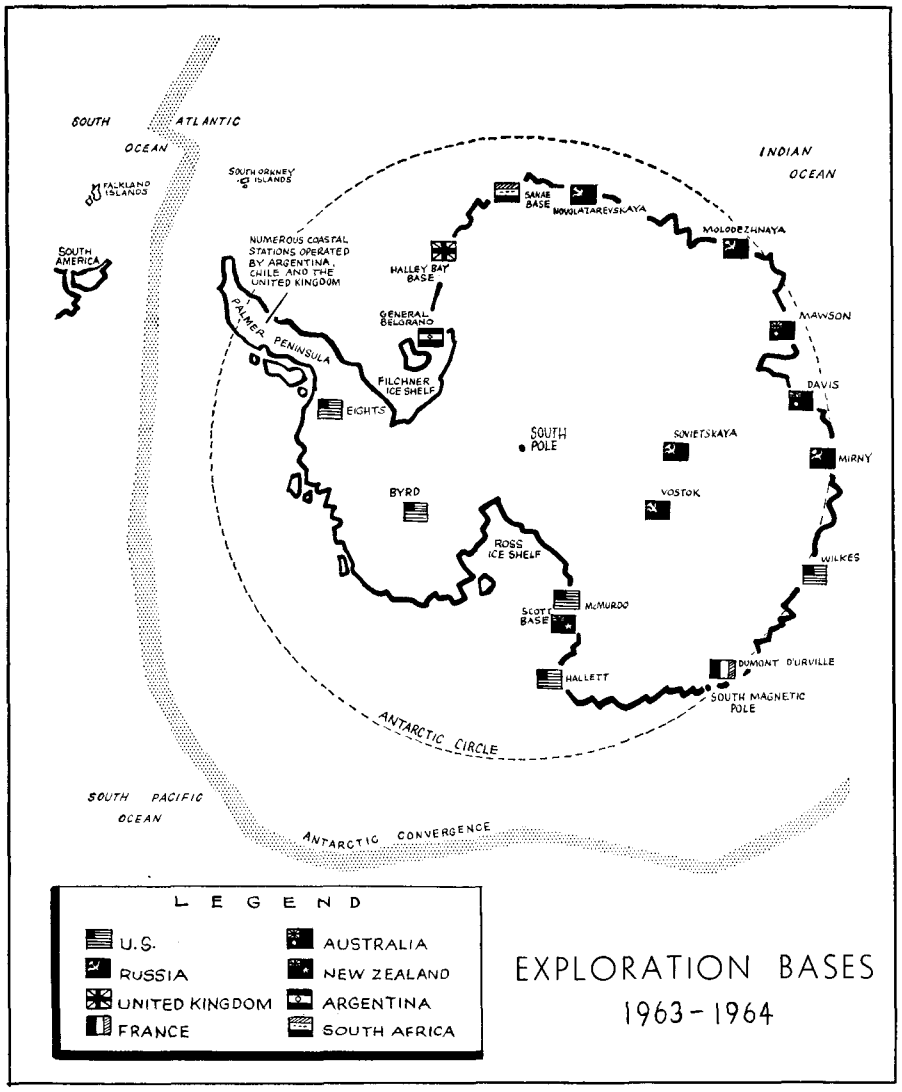

Doug Anderson

along every point of the compass from the 70th to the 60th parallel of latitude.

The land thus laden with bitter cold is almost one third of all the land lying south of the Equator. The surrounding sea fills almost a quarter of all the sea basin of the entire planet. But in this vast expanse of water, 600 miles across to the tip of South America and 2,000 miles across to South Africa or New Zealand, only one tenth of the heat of earth's oceans can be found.

Water from the other oceans—the South Pacific, the South Atlantic and the Indian—converge with the Antarctic Ocean and give up their heat to it, which gives the heat in turn to the air above. The air cannot hold the warmth for long without the help of water vapor. As has been explained, little vapor can exist because temperatures generated by the icecap are too far down—a year-round average of 70 degrees below zero F and a known bottom of 127 degrees below. Because of the sparse water vapor between it and the sun, the icecap radiates back into space much of the heat that falls directly on the ice in sunlight.

The deficit of vapor in the Antarctic air means also that very little new snow falls on Antarctica. The land is therefore barren. There are no trees. Only three flowers grow. Mosses are seldom seen, but lichens manage to survive long periods of dormancy without water. Algae thrive, on the open ground of the dry valleys that appear here and there among the mountains as well as in melting snow. There are flies, mites and bacteria. But no animal or bird depends on the land for anything more than a breeding space. Here, surely, is the ideal place for man to study minimum conditions for the sustenance of life.

The Antarctic Ocean, by contrast, swarms with activity. Robert Cushman Murphy, the naturalist, has said that the sea there is so much more than salt water; it is the very broth of life. Perhaps because of metabolisms adjusted to the incredible cold, each generation survives longer than its counterpart in warmer waters. Hence there are larger numbers of fewer species. But the species include some of the most fascinating fish, animals and birds on the planet: earth's largest creature, the whale, and earth's most valiant bird, the Emperor penguin, which mates in the frigid fury of the antarctic winter, carries its eggs on its feet to keep them warm until they hatch, and then turns care of the young over to adult baby-sitters (see cover of this issue of *SR*) until the down is off the fledglings' breasts and they can swim.

To say that the westerly air currents that constantly circle Antarctica are the stormiest and coldest winds on earth is to state the truth but merely to suggest the effect of the antarctic icecap on terrestrial weather. Hardly more than suggestions are feasible now. However, meteorologists familiar with the region believe that if they can learn how to take wind, temperature and air pressure readings above the 20-mile altitude limit of present-day sounding balloons, they will come across the first direct links between the ever-blowing solar wind and the earthly gusts that bring rain down here.

It has been established, through study of fossils in rocks beneath the icecap, that ancient life emerged in Antarctica at roughly the same time as life appeared elsewhere on the planet. The evolutionary progression, as far as the evidence thus far uncovered goes, apparently was the same as elsewhere. But the antarctic record stops short of the coming of the mammals.

The absence of mammalian relics raises some interesting questions, especially when it is related to prevalent theories about drifting continents. For many observations made by scientific researchers in Antarctica support the notion that the south polar continent once belonged to a much larger land mass which also contained at least present-day Africa and South America and Australia and maybe India. Fossils of mammals have been recovered from all those other continents. Species of plants now native to those continents have close relatives living in Antarctica. Does this conjunction of evolutionary continuity and discontinuity mean that the breakup of the supposed great southern protocontinent occurred before evolution reached the mammalian stage?

Other problems of global dimensions can hope for answers from further research in Antarctica. Some of these have to do with the interior of the earth. Antarctica is the only continent now supporting the weight of an icecap. Should the ice disappear, the continent would rise 2,500 feet. How would the rest of the planet's crust react? Would there be a further drifting of continents? The extensive iceshelves which project from Antarctica's margin and float on the sea beyond hold clues that are now being reduced to mathematical equations.

These and other antarctic research projects have pulsed in reverse tempo

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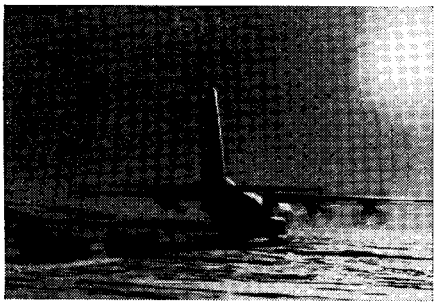
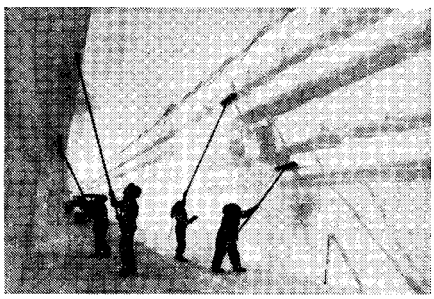
with the seasons since the International Geophysical Year (1957-58) began six years ago last July. As spring comes each October, thousands of scientists scatter over the slowly retreating ice. When winter returns, the ice again doubles its expanse, the scientific search parties dwindle to a few hundreds of individuals.

This year will be no exception to that regularity. But experiments announced by the National Science Foundation for the 1963-64 season (NSF apportions American exploration and correlates it with work of other nationals) will be grander in scope than those of the past. Antarctic observations of the earth's magnetic field will be made simultaneously with observations at opposite ends of the magnetic arcs in Hudson Bay and Quebec. In this manner the remote environment of the earth will be mapped far into space.



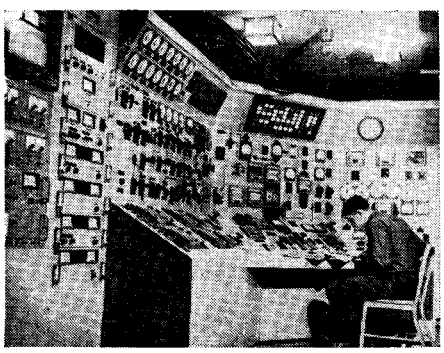
—F. Kazukaitis, U. S. Navy-Wide World

Lockheed's giant cargo plane, C-130, has carried pre-built villages into the antarctic.



—Wide World

The New Byrd Station lies beneath the ice. Here U. S. Navy Seabees brush loose snow from walls of the main hallway.



—Wide World

Atomic furnace, janitored from console above, powers McMurdo Sound base.

Behavioral scientists will say that I have paid too little respect here to the Adele penguins and their uncanny ability to find the way home across the ice by the position of the sun. And the behaviorists will be right. Political skeptics will say that I have described intellectually stimulating adventures that have no practical relationship to international politics. And the skeptics will be wrong.

Antarctica has all the components traditional to political rivalry. The mineral wealth of the continent has not been touched, or even surveyed. Its mountains are known to contain coal in veins thirteen feet thick. Its geographical location places it as an inevitable shortcut for passenger traffic and trade between the expanding centers of political power in the southern hemisphere. The fact that international inspection will occur there this year cannot be interpreted otherwise than as an encouraging precedent. The precedent is all the more effective for being small and modest. After fifty years at loggerheads, Soviet Russian socialism and American capitalism aren't going to reach any real understanding overnight.

There is a curious reluctance in Washington—even in such usually candid men as the chief scientist of United States antarctic research, Dr. A. P. Crary—to acknowledge that this year's inspection in the antarctic is an historic gesture. They keep repeating that there is really nothing to inspect, that you can't hide anything out there on the ice, that everyone knows what everyone else is doing before he does it, that Russian scientists have been guests at American research bases for months at a stretch and that American scientists have been similar guests of the Russians, that a Russian has sailed on the American research ship *Eltanin* and that an American has sailed on the Russian research ship *Ob,* and that the Russians publish their discoveries in Antarctica even more promptly and more fully and more conveniently than the Americans do.

Although the intent to inspect was announced by the State Department in mid-September 1963, during the Senate debate over the subsequently ratified Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, at a time when certain Senators were demanding safeguards against possible Russian "cheating," the NSF officer responsible for international liaison in Antarctica, Henry S. Francis, Jr., insists that the appearance of the announcement during the Senate debate was accidental. The decision to inspect had been made months earlier, he says; conversations had been held with the eleven other signatories to the Antarctic Treaty—Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Chile, France, Japan, New Zealand, Norway, Union of South Africa, the USSR, The United Kingdom—not only to acquaint them with the American initiative but to seek reciprocal inspections by each of them. The response of the Russians was that they saw no need for an inspection but if anyone else wanted to make one, the inspectors would be welcome.

Since any consciousness of significance in these proceedings has been so thoroughly disclaimed, I can only fall back upon the unconscious motivation postulated at the beginning of this report. Under ordinary circumstances, it would not have occurred to me that the unconscious mind might require the security clearances which are now being required for the scientists nominated to make up the American inspection teams. Nor would I have expected the unconscious to formulate such explicit instructions as have been formulated to prevent disclosure of even the approximate times at which the inspections will be carried out.

But these are mere quibbles. What matters is that two teams of American scientists, acting as agents of the government of the United States, will inspect Russian and other bases of operation in Antarctica sometime during the south polar summer, perhaps in January or February, when the weather is best for getting around. Whether consciously or unconsciously, the ice is being broken in Antarctica.

—John Lear,
Science Editor.

The Authorization

The international inspection of scientific research bases in Antarctica is authorized in Article VII of the Antarctic Treaty, which begins as follows:

Article VII

1. In order to promote the objectives and ensure the observance of the provision of the present treaty, each contracting party whose representatives are entitled to participate in the meetings referred to in Article IX of the treaty [that is, Argentina, Australia, Belgium, Chile, France, Japan, New Zealand, Norway, Union of South Africa, USSR, U.K. and U.S.A.] shall have the right to designate observers to carry out any inspection provided for by the present article. Observers shall be nationals of the contracting parties which designate them. The names of observers shall be communicated to every other contracting party having the right to designate observers, and like notice shall be given of the termination of their appointment.

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THE FUTURE OF THE UNIVERSITY

By JOHN W. GARDNER

OVER the past fifty years, the universities have risen to a position of extraordinary prominence in our society. The prophecy being circulated today is that we are moving into a period in which society will be organized around the universities. I don't know what the Establishment will think of that rumor. Perhaps they started it. At any rate, it is an exhilarating notion—even, I should think, to those worthy professors who want as little as possible to do with the rest of society.

As for me, I am easily carried away by such glittering ideas, and I am quite willing to contemplate this one—provided that it be regarded as one of three possibilities.

The first possibility, let us say, is that society will be organized around the universities.

The second possibility is that it will not.

The third possibility—and I ask you to consider this one carefully—is that as industry and government, with their huge research and educational programs, come to look more and more like the universities, and as the universities with their worldly interests come to look more and more like the rest of society, we shall achieve a condition in which no one will be quite sure what is university and what is not-university and no one will have the faintest idea what is organized around what.

The general public stands in awe of the universities. And the fact that it is also a bit suspicious of the universities doesn't diminish the awe. So it is likely that many will welcome the new prophecy.

BUT, all things considered, it would be better if the universities themselves took a more critical view. It would be well if they were to ask themselves whether they are quite prepared to have society organized around them. It might even be well for them to remind themselves that like every other social institution, universities are subject to disintegrative forces, are the scene of power politics, and are susceptible to the decay that so often sets in at precisely the hour of triumph.

I suppose that every man or woman with the capacity to face reality—which eliminates most of us at once—recognizes that this is a time of decision for the universities. The first item on the agenda is whether the university will have a voice in its own future.

We like to think that institutions are shaped according to the best vision of the best men in them, and sometimes this is so. Let me put that more positively: History offers many persuasive examples of just that consequence—able and vigorous men sharing a vision of how they might shape their future and creating institutions to that end.

But that is not the only way that institutions get shaped.

SOMETIMES institutions are simply the sum of the historical accidents that have happened to them. Like the sand dunes in the desert, they are shaped by influences but not by purposes. Or, to put the matter more accurately, like our sprawling and ugly metropolitan centers they are the unintended consequences of millions of fragmented purposes.

Now I believe—and will never cease to believe—that men can shape their institutions to suit their purposes—provided that what those purposes are are clear and provided that the men concerned are not too gravely afflicted with the diseases of which institutions die: complacency, myopia, an unwillingness to choose, and an unwillingness on the part of individuals to lend themselves to any worthy common purpose.

Happily, I have no responsibility today to suggest what the worthy purposes of a university should be at this moment in history. I gladly leave that to clearer and wiser heads than mine. But I cannot forego one comment.

I don't know whether the universities are in the grip of society or society is in the grip of the universities, but I like to think that no matter how much the university becomes entangled with the world on its outer fringes, the inner city of the university will be above the battle in some quite distinctive ways. I should like to believe that it will, to borrow some lines from Bernard Shaw, "stand for the future and the past, for the posterity that has no vote and the tradition that never had any . . . for the great abstractions, for the eternal against the expedient; for the evolutionary appetite against the day's gluttony; for intellectual integrity, for humanity, for the rescue of industry from commercialism and of science from professionalism . . ." I like to think that it will stand for things that are forgotten in the heat of battle, for values that get pushed aside in the rough and tumble of everyday living, for the goals we ought to be thinking about and never do, for the facts we don't like to face and the questions we lack the courage to ask.

(The above remarks were made originally in introducing Dr. James Perkins as Cornell University's new president)

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PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—XCI

THE FLEAS, THE TICKS, SPOTTED FEVER AND ME

Dr. Roscoe Spencer Reminisces on the U.S. Public Health Service

SARASOTA, FLA.

ALL life is more or less of an experimental venture in which Nature employs, perforce, the method of trial and error. There is much evidence that, from a human point of view, Nature has made and is still making many mistakes. But no student of biology has ever recorded that Nature made an identical mistake twice. I feel, therefore, that I can take a certain degree of pride in my extraordinary singularity.

I was the last and by far the puniest of five children of Branch Worsham Spencer and his wife, Emma Roy (Burke) Spencer. My arrival at West Point, Virginia, a self-satisfied village of about 1200 people, in the summer of 1888, was an unexpected and not altogether welcome event to the 43-year-old mother. The attending physician, an uncle, got me off to a reluctant start by inflating my lungs with his breath, as one might blow up a toy balloon.

My maternal grandmother compounded the unusual aspect of my beginning by naming me Roscoe to perpetuate the memory of one of her sons who had been killed in the War Between the States. The other children among whom I spent my early life regarded the name as funny, not to say accurately descriptive of a freak of nature. For a number of years the implications were deeply resented. During my adolescence, however, I tolerated the situation more good-naturedly because I began to sense that there were after all aberrant if not abnormal qualities in my makeup.

I possessed, for example, an aversion to any kind of work, physical or mental.

This preference for a life of ease might have been less a character trait rooted in aristocratic heritage than a simple effect of hookworm disease (helminthiasis) for I enjoyed going barefoot each year from May to September until I reached the age of 14. But although the hookworm almost certainly contributed to the stunting of my physical growth, it also expanded my intellectual horizon through the intervention of a friendly country doctor, Dr. B. B. Bagby. He was the first to demonstrate that hookworm disease was endemic in Virginia, and he was also the major source of inspiration which in 1913 brought me a diploma making known that "The Johns Hopkins University, on the recommendation of the Faculty of Medicine, has admitted Roscoe Roy Spencer to the degree of Doctor of Medicine and that he is entitled to all the rights, honors and privileges to that degree appertaining."

I had memorized the names of all the bones, muscles, arteries, and nerves in the body; and, in a superficial way, I knew the functions of the heart, stomach liver and kidney's. But I felt I could never assume a radiant bedside manner. Consequently, in July 1914, I accepted a temporary position as an assistant in the Hygienic Laboratory of the U. S. Public Health Service, a small red brick building in northwest Washington, D.C., overlooking the Lincoln Memorial and the Potomac River. On the last day of that year I received a commission as an Assistant Surgeon, signed by President Woodrow Wilson. I have always been proud of this; for Wilson, to me, was a great statesman and a man of destiny.

In less than half a year, I was being introduced at a Rotary Club luncheon in Miles City, Montana, as an expert on Rocky Mountain spotted fever. Of course I wasn't anything of the kind. In those days, genuine experts on the spotted fever, known in the northwestern cattle country as "black measles," simply did not exist. The fever itself did not exist as a public health problem, according to some opinion. Hardly a dozen people a year died of it, and they were usually obscure shepherds, trappers, fishermen, hunters, cowhands or marginal farmers whose departure left no immediately obvious mark on the society to which they belonged.

The disease had been known along the Snake River in Idaho since 1873. However, because of its sporadic nature and mild effect (only a few in 100 victims of it died) it had not been described in a medical journal until 1899. It blotched the skin red-purple-black, brought on fever to delirium pitch, and killed by drowning people in their own internally hemorrhaged blood.

Because it appeared in the spring of the year, when life was everywhere awakening, the spotted fever at first was related to the drinking of water from melted snow. Others thought the disease came from sawdust in the logging camps, which became active again each spring. No logical approach to the mystery was attempted until an intelligent family physician in Great Falls, Montana, Dr. Earl Strain, expressed his suspicion about the origin of the fever.

Dr. Strain knew that Walter Reed had shown yellow fever to be transmitted to man by the bite of a mosquito, and that Theobald Smith had traced Texas cattle fever to tick transmission of a piroplasma (single-celled protozoan) in the red blood cells. If cattle ticks could carry one type of fever from steer to steer, why couldn't ticks also carry the spotted fever from other animals to man?

The question seemed much more important to Dr. Strain than it did to medical practitioners in Idaho because in the beautiful Bitterroot Valley of western Montana—a rare delight for visitors on holiday—the toll of the spotted fever ran as high as eight deaths among every ten infected. Interest in this exceptional circumstance extended to nearby states, and in 1902 two men from the Minnesota State Board of Health went into the Bitterroot Valley to study the situation. Pursuing Dr. Strain's theory of tick transmission, they looked for and reported finding a *piroplasma* in the red blood cells of spotted fever patients.

The State of Montana was therefore moved to confirm the existence of the *piroplasma*. For the purpose it summoned Dr. John F. Andrews, of the U. S. Public Health Service. He not only corroborated the presence of the *piroplasma* but identified it as "halfway between the protozoan parasite which causes malaria and that causing Texas cattle-tick fever." He published a sketch of the organism in color under the name, "*piroplasma hominis*."

HOW easy it is for us to see what we wish to see!

When another Public Health Service officer, Dr. Charles W. Stiles (noted for outstanding work on hookworm disease in the South), followed up the Anderson research in 1904 by examining blood samples of spotted fever victims, he spent 200 hours at the microscope without seeing anything that re-

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sembled the sketch of *piroplasma hominis*. He concluded there was no such creature, and from that conclusion drew the assumption that, without a *piroplasma* to carry, ticks could not spread spotted fever.

HOW easy it is to believe what we wish to believe!

Dr. Howard T. Ricketts, of the University of Chicago, entered the Bitterroot Valley in 1906 with no preconceived ideas, either for or against the existence of *piroplasma hominis*, or for or against the theory of tick transmission of spotted fever. An experimentalist as well as a theorizer, he worked with his hands as well as with his head, devising and executing experiments to test whether ticks indeed did transmit spotted fever. No investigator before him had been so practical. The results were historic. Without going into detail, it can be said that Dr. Ricketts:

Established a high susceptibility to spotted fever among guinea pigs and monkeys;

Demonstrated that the fever could be transmitted from animal to animal by the bite of the tick;

Demonstrated that the blood of an animal surviving the fever could protect another animal from the fever if the blood were administered several days before infection threatened;

Demonstrated that a mixture of blood from an infected animal and from an animal recovered from infection would also confer protection if the mixture were not heated to the thermal death point of a virus.

Had Dr. Ricketts lived to apply the rigorous logic of his mind to furtherance of those accomplishments, the remainder of my story might be irrelevant. But he contracted typhus in Mexico and died, leaving behind him the impression that only one method could wipe out spotted fever—get rid of all ticks!

A promising young Public Health Service officer, Dr. Thomas B. McClintick, adopted that method with incredible vigor in the Bitterroot Valley. Working with him were some crack riflemen native to the valley, who shot, trapped and poisoned squirrels, gophers, chipmunks, rabbits, prairie dogs and rodents of all kinds. So far as anyone knows, he was never bitten by a tick. Yet he came down with spotted fever in the midst of his campaign. He hurried home to Washington, D. C., to be with his wife in the last hours of his life. As he expected would happen, he died rather quickly.

That was in the year 1911.

I had heard all this history of spotted fever without ever having seen a human case at the time I appeared before the Rotary Club in Miles City, Montana. Far from being an expert on the disease, I had little more than text-book knowledge of it and I gave my hosts what must have been an incoherent account of my ignorance. The reason for my presence there was that spotted fever had been reported for the first time in eastern Montana. My assignment was to confirm diagnoses of the fever in Miles City by obtaining samples of the blood of patients and inoculating guinea pigs with that blood. I had been sent from a woodshed at Victor, a town in the heart of the Bitterroot Valley, where my immediate superior in the Public Health Service, Dr. L. D. Fricks, had been running a summer laboratory for two years.

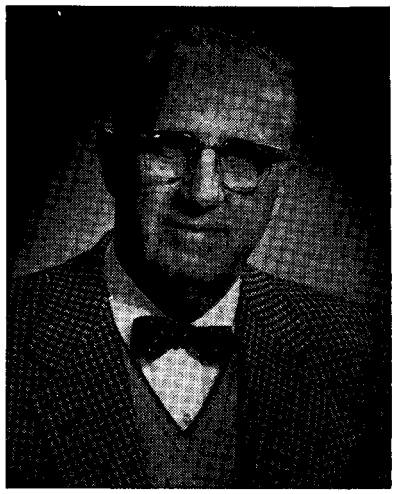
Nothing of consequence to the struggle against the spotted fever came from my visit to Miles City. In fact, nothing of real importance came from my labors with Dr. Fricks at Victor, in the midst of superb mountain scenery, throughout the summer of 1915. It was quite easy to find, in fever-carrying ticks, the intracellular parasites, smaller than bacteria but larger than viruses, which had been called *Rickettsia* in honor of Dr. Ricketts. It was just as easy to find the same *Rickettsia* in ticks which did not carry spotted fever.

THE resolution of this puzzle seemed nowhere in sight when I returned to Washington in the autumn to stand by for another assignment. I did not expect to deal with Rocky Mountain spotted fever again. I did not then appreciate how utterly scientific research into disease disregards the arbitrary boundaries man erects for his political convenience.

In the next seven years, I acquired considerable experience in public health problems of the United States. My posts of duty ranged from New York to Duluth to New Orleans. I studied the routes of passage of disease through the air, through the water, and over the land on the backs of little animals. It turned out that the most meaningful experience of this entire period was the grinding up of fleas involved in outbreaks of bubonic plague in the South.

In the summer of 1921, Rocky Mountain spotted fever—up to that time primarily a disease of the poor and the obscure—attacked two socially and politically prominent persons within the space of a few days. A Montana State Senator and his wife, she president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, died of the fever upon returning from a visit to the Bitterroot Valley. A clamor arose in the newspapers. Something would have to be done!

The U. S. Public Health Services had discontinued its investigations into spotted fever with the beginning of



—U. S. Public Health Service

Dr. Roscoe Roy Spencer

World War I. But the State of Montana had maintained a Board of Entomology for the specific purpose of studying and developing means of controlling the spotted fever tick. Large sums of money had been appropriated each year for extensive poisoning and shooting of rodents and for dipping cattle to kill ticks. In one year poisoned grain was spread over 25,000 acres along a strip of forest one mile wide in the foothills of the Bitterroot Valley. All such measures had proved only temporarily expedient, however, and Montana Health Officer Dr. W. F. Coggswell again called upon the USPHS for help in 1921.

After a conference between Dr. Thomas Parran (later to become U. S. Surgeon-General) and Dr. Coggswell, it was decided that I should join Dr. R. R. Parker, an entomologist who had been working on rodent and tick control in Montana for seven years.

An abandoned brick schoolhouse just outside the town of Hamilton became our laboratory. At the start we had the advantage of Dr. Ricketts' discovery that a particular tick, *dermacentor andersoni*, was the specific carrier of spotted fever. Parker had thoroughly familiarized himself with the life cycle of this tick. He knew that adult ticks lived at least two to four years and sometimes longer, infesting rabbits as well as cattle and sheep and other large animals. After engorging themselves on a blood meal, the females would lay their eggs on the ground. Late in spring, the larvae would emerge from the eggs and climb the nearest green plant toward the sun, wriggling and waving their hooked legs all the while. When an animal brushed past, these "seed ticks" would grab hold of it and go after a blood meal. Those that succeeded in feeding would molt to the nymphal stage, sometimes remaining inactive as nymphs until the following spring.

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Then they would set forth as adults, either themselves infecting animals or being infected by feeding on already infected hosts.

In a relentless hunt for ever more exact information about the ticks, Parker divided the Bitterroot Valley into parcels and then dragged the bushes of each of those parcels with flags of cotton flannel. The ticks that grabbed the flannel were picked from the muslin and put into pillboxes, which were brought to me. There was a separate box for every parcel of land. Every parcel had a number, and the box assigned to that parcel had a corresponding number.

Parker's original plan called for feeding the ticks on guinea pigs to determine the areas from which the most virulent fever came. This procedure wasted time because it was necessary first to wait for the ticks to feed and then to wait some more and watch whether fever would develop in the hosts. I suggested the shortcut of grinding up the ticks—as we had ground up the fleas responsible for bubonic plague—and injecting the resulting juice into the peritoneal cavities of the guinea pigs. Within a month or two, I injected 101 guinea pigs with 101 lots of ticks, fifteen to twenty ticks to a lot. Not one of the animals so treated developed spotted fever, although the ticks that fed on some of them had been collected from the notoriously deadly Blodgett Canyon west of Hamilton.

THIS result alone was difficult to understand. But we were still more surprised to discover that about one-third of these guinea pigs were immune to later injection of large doses of infected blood.

Had we stumbled upon a significant clue to some method of immunization against the spotted fever?

While we were looking this way and that for a revealing answer, one of Parker's field men, Henry Cowan, killed a mountain goat in Blodgett Canyon and brought the pelt to our schoolhouse laboratory. Bill Gettinger, my student assistant, and I pulled more than 1000 ticks off that one goat skin. Half of them were identified as *dermacentor albipictus*, a parasite that spends the winter on a single host animal and had not been implicated in spotted fever. The other half were *dermacentor andersoni*, the spotted fever ticks.

Five lots of each of the two varieties of ticks were injected into guinea pigs. None of the pigs receiving *albipictus* developed spotted fever. All five pigs receiving *andersoni* died.

A striking contrast was now before us. The *dermacentor andersoni* on the flannel flags had not killed; the *dermacentor andersoni* on the goatskin had killed.

I think everyone in the laboratory realized immediately the importance of the disparity in the results of injecting "drag ticks" and "goat ticks." The "drag ticks" had not had opportunity to receive a blood meal that year; the "goat ticks" had feasted on blood.

Spotted fever must somehow depend on the revival of an infectious parasite living in the body of the tick—revival brought about by the warmth of animal blood consumed by the tick!

The death of my assistant, Gettinger, a few weeks after he and I picked the ticks from the goatskin emphasized the virulence of the metamorphosis.

In the fall of 1923, I returned to Washington with my wife and two babies and a large number of adult ticks that Parker had infected for me in the larval and nymphal stages of life. I put the ticks in the icebox to hibernate, as they do in the natural state. This was in September. In December I removed a few of them, ground them up and injected some immediately into guinea pigs. None of the pigs got spotted fever.

Late in January 1924, I took more ticks from the icebox. Some of these I ground up and injected into guinea pigs as before. I allowed other ticks to remain alive and feed on other guinea pigs. The injections produced no fever. But those ticks that fed on guinea pig blood for two days before they were ground up and injected were incredibly deadly. By mixing decreasing amounts of tick juice with a fixed amount of salt solution, I discovered that one tick carried enough infection to kill 15,000 guinea pigs. So powerful, indeed, was the tick juice that it would penetrate unbroken skin.

HERE, then, was the quilty *Rickettsia* we had been hunting. It incubated in the tick's body organs by adopting the same life cycle as the tick, passing alternately through dormant and active states. When dormant, it often immunized; when active, it killed.

And it killed not only those who were bitten by ticks but those who squashed ticks in their fingers and so exposed their skin to invasion by the virulent tick juice. At last we knew why McClintick and Gettinger had died.

Dr. Ricketts and others who followed him in pursuit of the cause of spotted fever had tried in vain to make a spotted fever vaccine by treating infected blood with small amounts of phenol or formalin. But a Czechoslovakian investigator, Frederick Breinl, had found that he could protect guinea pigs against typhus fever with the ground bodies of infected lice treated with phenol. I therefore saw good reason to believe that phenolized, infected tick suspension might act likewise in spotted fever.

My next experiment was obvious. Twelve guinea pigs were vaccinated with phenolized tick juice. No reaction or symptoms followed. Two weeks later, all of them and six others that had not been vaccinated were given an intraperitoneal injection of one cubic centimeter of blood infected with spotted fever *Rickettsia*. None of the vaccinated developed the disease. All six of the not-vaccinated died of spotted fever.

BECAUSE this experiment seemed conclusive, because fellow workers had died of the disease, and because I had become subject to terrifying dreams about ticks escaping from their boxes and crawling uncontrolled over the laboratory, I vaccinated myself.

Beforehand, I drew a sample of my blood, collected the serum, and placed it in the icebox. Two weeks after vaccination, I again drew a blood sample, mixed this and the earlier sample with blood from an infected guinea pig, and injected the two separate mixtures into a number of healthy guinea pigs. Those animals that had received the mixture containing serum collected *before* vaccination contracted spotted fever; those receiving the mixture containing serum collected *after* vaccination remained healthy. This was satisfactory proof that neutralizing bodies were present in my blood. I presented this evidence to our laboratory personnel in Montana and offered to vaccinate all hands. All refused.

Upon returning to Washington again in the fall of 1924, I vaccinated eight monkeys, permitting five others to live in the same large cage as controls. After two weeks all thirteen were given a subcutaneous dose of infected blood. The five not vaccinated died within twelve days with typical symptoms of spotted fever. The eight vaccinated lived.

Henry Cowan, one of those who had refused my offer of vaccination, died of spotted fever that same fall. Parker telegraphed a request for enough vaccine to vaccinate everyone in the laboratory. I mailed the stuff at once. Although only thirty-four people in the Bitterroot Valley would consent to vaccination in the spring of 1925, large scale production of the vaccine began that year. Five years later, Parker and I together published a description of our combined experiments, sharing equally, as we had agreed, whatever credit our joint efforts yielded.

I have written this egocentered (I hope not egocentric) account of my experiences with the hope that it may encourage young people to explore science and to see in it not an infallible god to be worshiped but a way of life to be practiced and strengthened through incessant correction of mistakes and oversights.

—ROSCOE SPENCER, M.D.

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

DILEMMAS OF POWER

An Historian Peers into the Frightening Future of Science

WHO has the right to manage whom? And toward what ends should human capacities be directed?

The wider the range of human activities that can be brought within the scope of deliberate management, the more fateful these questions become. Or perhaps a really tough-minded critic of twentieth-century society would have to say: The wider the range of human activities brought within the scope of deliberate management, the more irrelevant questions of social hierarchy and managerial goals become. Admittedly, as the managerial elite of any particular country gathers experience and expertise, reduces new areas of human activity to its control, and integrates partial plans into a national (or transnational) whole, the bureaucratic machine exercising such powers becomes increasingly automatic, with goals built into its very structure. The administrative machine, like other specialized instruments, can only do what it was built to do. Scientific personnel classification allows, nay, requires, interchangeability of parts in the bureaucracy; hence individual appointments and dismissals make remarkably little difference so long as they do not achieve too massive a scale or too rapid a rate. The administrative totality, its over-all structure and functioning, and even the general lines of policy remain almost unaffected by changes of elected officials. Even energetic reformers, placed in high office and nominally put in charge of such vast bureaucratic hierarchies, find it all but impossible to do more than slightly deflect the line of march.

A really massive bureaucracy, such as those which now constitute every major modern government, becomes a vested interest greater and more strategically located than any "private" vested interest of the past. Such groupings are characterized by a lively sense of corporate self-interest, expressed through elaborate rules and precedents, and procedures rising toward the semi-sacredness of holy ritual. These buttress a safe conservatism of routine and make modern bureaucracy potentially capable of throttling back even the riotous upthrust of social and technical change nurtured by modern science. Consequently, as the corporate entities of government bureaucracies grow and mesh their activities more and more perfectly one with another, both within and among the various "sovereign" states of our time, use and wont—the way things have "always" been done—may become, bit by bit, an adequate surrogate for social theory. By sustaining an unceasing action, administrative routine may make rational definition of the goals of human striving superfluous.

If and when the possibility of international war ceases to agitate mankind and no longer spurs officialdom within the separate political sovereignties of the earth to ever greater effort, we should expect a heavy weight of bureaucratic routine to fasten itself upon all parts of the globe. Within a comparatively short time, the unutterable but far from impracticable slogan: "Bureaucrats of the world, unite, you have nothing to lose but your jobs," could be counted upon to set powerful brakes upon the dizzy pace of change which gives men vertigo today. The cautious principle: "Whatever is is right—or at least convenient," and the regulation that says: "This action requires a permit, filled out in triplicate on the proper form and can only be issued after a committee at the next higher level has reviewed the proposal," would everywhere come into effect, without requiring formal legislation. Under such a regime, the theoretical dilemmas and moral issues that trouble the mid-twentieth century would fade from men's minds as the Cheshire cat faded from Alice in Wonderland's sight.

Much depends on how soon—if ever—stability through bureaucracy sets in. Perhaps the next step beyond the level of social and human engineering already pioneered by the Russian Revolution will be genetic tinkering with human germ plasm to produce suitably specialized subhuman and superhuman biological varieties. Present-day theoretical knowledge probably would allow this sort of management of human evolution. The potential results in enhanced efficiency and social discipline, thereby further increasing the possibility of concentrating power, seem enormous. Any revolution which made its way by rationalizing and accelerating human evolution might, therefore, like previous revolutions, compel others to imitate at least some of its techniques. If this should ever happen, men of the future may come to differ from those alive today as much as modern domestic animals differ from their wild ancestors; and such a posthuman population might itself become as specialized in function and various in type as the social insects are now.

One may hope that some saving refractoriness of human nature and society—if not of human genetics—may make such a further extension of the realm of deliberate management forever impossible. The fact that even the best laid plans for directing human affairs still often fail may turn out to be humanity's saving grace. Alternatively, the period of grace may prove merely transitional, as human societies pass from their hitherto wild state into a future domesticated condition. Until men have been tamed, we cannot know for sure; for any failure in a first, second—or thousandth—attempt to rearrange human germ plasm according to plan would not prove that the feat was inherently impossible. This sword of Damocles may therefore hang over humanity indefinitely. Like every other important new exercise of power, it raises the old questions Who? Whom? and Wherefore? to a new order of magnitude. After all, "Who tames whom?" differs from the familiar "Who controls whom?" only in the degree of distance assumed between the two parties.

The two-edged nature of power is nothing new in human affairs. All important new inventions have both freed men from former weakness and deficiency and enslaved them to a new regimen. The hardy hunter surely despised the first farmers, bowed down by the heavy labor of the fields; and through long subsequent centuries barbarian freemen regularly scorned the servile habits of their civilized contemporaries. Yet these repugnances never for long arrested the spread of agriculture or of civilization. Civilized history may be understood as a series of breakthroughs toward the realization of greater and greater power—including under this rubric the delicate but altogether real power of beauty in art and thought as well as power's cruder, ruder forms.

It seems unlikely, therefore, that recent and prospective enlargement of

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human capacities to organize and exert power will be permanently arrested by scruples against its use. The brash adventurers who first make good an attempt to organize new springs of power can always confront even reluctant neighbors with the choice of succumbing or of doing likewise. Power, in short, ingests weaker centers of power or stimulates rival centers to strengthen themselves. This fact—and it amounts to no more than a definition of the term "power"—has dominated the whole history of mankind. Politically, economically, socially—and perhaps, but let us hope not, also biologically—the elaboration of power structures seems in our time to be moving swiftly toward a climax. The globe is finite and if the rival political-social-economic power systems of our time coalesce under an overarching world sovereignty, the impetus now impelling men to develop new sources of power will largely cease. Naturally, great tasks of social and economic betterment will remain, and delicate adjustments between population and developed resources will be required, all subsequent, perhaps, to extensive reconstruction of war damages. But for this, application of already familiar methods on sufficient scale and with a store of resolution and intelligence already well within human reach should suffice. And once these initial adjustments have successfully been made, a stalwart, more than Chinese bureaucratic immobility would, in all probability, soon define the daily life of cosmopolitan world society.

MORE interesting and more promising for the remoter future are the unresolved, and in our time sometimes oppressively confused, problems of aesthetic power. So long as men remain within the human nature known to history, they may be expected to seek beauty in art and in thought. Even in the most efficiently bureaucratized world that a twentieth-century imagination can conceive, there would remain scope, perhaps even abundant scope, for imaginative and intellectual play. Religion, maybe wearing some new guise as yet undreamed, might come into its own again as an agent sustaining personal security and promoting social solidarity. Fine art and belles-lettres might also flourish if a stabilized pattern of life allowed established meanings and symbolisms to unite artists and writers with their audiences more closely than now seems to be the case. Science too might be expected to continue theoretical elaboration; but a stoutly conservative bureaucratized social order would be most unlikely to rush scientific discoveries into new technology. Technological and perhaps also scientific progress would proceed far more slowly, if only because compelling motives for taking the trouble and provoking the dislocation caused by technological innovation would weaken or disappear.

WHAT such a vision of the future anticipates, in other words, is the eventual establishment of a world-wide cosmopolitanism, which, compared with the confusions and haste of our time, would enjoy a vastly greater stability. A suitable political frame for such a society might arise through sudden victory and defeat in war, or piecemeal through a more gradual encapsulation of a particular balance of world power within a growingly effective international bureaucracy. But no matter how it comes, the cosmopolitanism of the future will surely bear a Western imprint. At least in its initial stages, any world state will be an empire of the West. This would be the case even if non-Westerners should happen to hold the supreme controls of world-wide political-military authority, for they could only do so by utilizing such originally Western traits as industrialism, science, and the public palliation of power through advocacy of one or other of the democratic political faiths. Hence "The Rise of the West" may serve as a shorthand description of the upshot of the history of the human community to date.

Historical parallels to such a stabilization of a confused and chaotic social order are not far to seek. The Roman empire stabilized the violences and uncertainty of the Hellenistic world by monopolizing armed might in a single hand. The Han in ancient China likewise put a quietus upon the disorders of the warring states by erecting an imperial bureaucratic structure which endured, with occasional breakdown and modest amendment, almost to our own day.

THE burden of present uncertainties and the drastic scope of alternative possibilities that have become apparent in our time oppress the minds of many sensitive people. Yet the unexampled plasticity of human affairs should also be exhilarating. Foresight, cautious resolution, sustained courage never before had such opportunities to shape our lives and those of subsequent generations. Good and wise men in all parts of the world have seldom counted for more; for they can hope to bring the facts of life more nearly into accord with the generous ideals proclaimed by all—or almost all—the world's leaders.

The fact that evil men and crass vices have precisely the same enhanced powers should not distract our minds. Rather we should recognize it as the inescapable complement of the enlarged scope for good. Great dangers alone produce great victories; and without the possibility of failure, all human achievement would be savorless. Our world assuredly lacks neither dangers nor the possibility of failure. It also offers a theater for heroism such as has seldom or never been seen before in all history.

Men some centuries from now will surely look back upon our time as a golden age of unparalleled technical, intellectual, institutional, and perhaps even of artistic creativity. Life in Demosthenes' Athens, in Confucius' China, and in Mohammed's Arabia was violent, risky, and uncertain; hopes struggled with fears; greatness teetered perilously on the brim of disaster. We belong in this high company and should count ourselves fortunate to live in one of the great ages of the world.

—WILLIAM H. MCNEILL
in *The Rise of the West*
(University of Chicago Press: $12.50)

"We're molecules, if we're anything!"

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

—NAS

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US?

In confused and confusing directions, all quite apart from the rational analysis that supposedly characterizes the scientist above all else. Since Sputnik I brought them back to prominence after the disillusionment of the atomic bomb, researchers too often have adopted the self-seeking perspective and pork-barrel politics they had previously deplored in public officeholders. One extravagant project after another has been lobbied through the appropriations committees of the U.S. Congress on the grounds of scientific urgency, the silliest calling for landing a man on the moon by the year 1970. A few individuals of integrity and courage have bucked the trend. Although no real leaders have risen among them, the National Academy of Sciences (100 years old this year) has exerted some restraining influence (not as much

BY THE INTERAGENCY COMMITTEE ON OCEANOGRAPHY
Federal Council for Science and Technology

In oceanography, the National Academy of Sciences, through its Committee on Oceanography (NASCO), speaks for the scientific community as much as any committee can speak for people who are traditionally accustomed to speaking for themselves. The particular front-lines in oceanography as they existed four years ago which were singled out for special mention in NASCO's report of that year [Oceanography 1960-1970] are typified by a few of the questions posed in it. These fall into five main areas:

THE HISTORY OF THE OCEANS

"Why is the layer of unconsolidated sediments in the deep sea so thin, on the average only about 300 meters in thickness? . . . Why do we find fossils of Tertiary or Cretaceous age (that is, under about 100 million years) but none older?

"In most cores taken [that is, bored from the ocean bottom] in the Pacific and Atlantic there seems to be a sudden increase in radium content at an age level of about 200,000 years. What is the cause of this increase? . . .

"What is the history of the deep, narrow, almost sediment-free trenches that ring the Pacific Basin?. . . Why are these border features . . . apparently the loci of very low heat flow from the earth's interior?

"Existing abyssal plains [flat areas on the sea bottom] are all adjusted to recent topography. [In other words, they are in hydrostatic equilibrium with the continents bordering them; they show no sign of continuing at present under vertical and lateral pressures resulting from heat rising within the earth or from gravity pushing downward; since this situation is different from what can be seen around mountain ranges on the continents, where the positions of rock layers reveal the past in relation to the present, another question rises]: Where are the ancient abyssal plains? . . . [Are the continents slowly drifting about the earth's crust, as many scientists believe, and if so have they drifted over and covered up the original bottoms of the ocean?]

"How have the broad swelling ridges that [rise from the sea floor to] bisect the Atlantic and the South Pacific been formed? How old are they? Why are they the loci of very high heat flow from the earth's interior?

"Faults [fractures in the earth's crust, accompanied by shifting of the rock thus separated] around the margins of the Pacific Basin appear to be right lateral [which is to say that if a circle were drawn to represent the outline of the ocean basin, and if radii of the circle were marked off at regular intervals between the center of the circle and points on the circumference, the rock fractures would fall downward and inward from the radii] as though the basin were rotating counterclockwise. Does submarine topography support this hypothesis? Are fracture zones the spokes of the wheel?

"Is the base of the crust a phase transition [that is, a change from the solid to the liquid state], or is there a real difference in chemical composition between the crust and the mantle [beneath the crust]?

"Are there pools or sheets of molten rock deep beneath the earth's crust associated with island arcs, trenches and fracture zones? . . .

"What are the reasons for the large scale, remarkably regular magnetic topography of the deep sea floor off the west coast of North America? . . . [Why are there long parallel lines of magnetic force, running for hundreds of miles and even crossing very large blocks of rock which appear to have been moved bodily as far as 1,000 miles?]

"What is the history of sea water? . . .

"How did the pattern of the major ocean currents during past times compare with that of today?"

THE WAYS OF LIFE IN THE SEA

"The fauna and bacterial flora of the great deeps provide unique opportunities for the general biologist. Nowhere else can he find organisms adapted to such high pressures and perpetual low temperatures. It also offers him intriguing questions:

"What are the enzyme systems that operate in these extreme conditions? . . .

"What is the meaning—the function and history—of those strange structures, 'fishing rods' and 'lanterns', that characterize known inhabitants of the deep . . . [the anatomical devices which hang in front of the mouths of deep sea fish]?

"Did an original ancient fauna adapt to and survive the severe drop [in temperature which seafloor fossils indicate occurred about 11,000 years ago from] 12° to 2°C; or did this change bring widespread extinction and replacement?

"Recent years have brought discoveries of extremely ancient organisms; under what conditions have these 'living fossils' survived? How can we account for the radically different evolutionary rates that we find in the sea? . . .

"The plankton [microscopic plants on which all other forms of life in the sea depend for food] is formed typically of small essentially floating creatures that we might expect to be uniformly dispersed, hence evenly distributed. . . . How does the plankton, apparently helpless in the face of water movement, maintain discrete distribution? . . . [The pattern of movement of plankton does not match the pattern of water currents thus far discovered. Apparently there is a carrier system of some kind that moves dying populations "upstream" in order to provide seed for future life. What is the system?]

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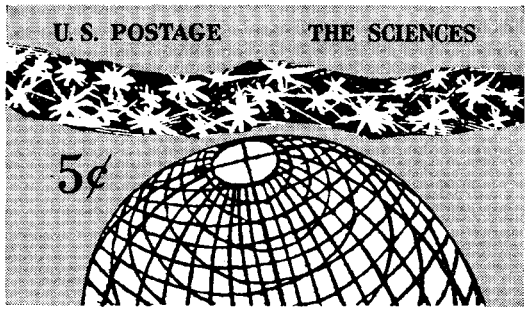
as ought to come from the elite, but some) and President John F. Kennedy's Special Assistant for Science and Technology, Prof. Jerome B. Wiesner, has encouraged the broad view by bringing representatives of all the Cabinet departments together in a Federal Council for Science and Technology. This Council has issued several sobering reports during recent months, perhaps the most significant being a reminder of how little we know about the oceans. Since earth is a water planet, there is ample reason for slackening spending on moon travel and turning some of the money thus saved into oceanic research. Below are important questions that can be better answered by imagination than by brute force.



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"What factors limit the distribution of communities, regulate their abundance and determine their internal structure?"

THE MOTION OF THE WATERS

"Direct current measurements during the past year have shown that the east-west transport of water in the eastern tropical Pacific is probably at least three times that previously estimated. We may ask:

"How good are some of the other estimates of water transport? Just what, how big, and how complex is the circulation pattern of the oceans? This question leads in turn to others. What are the 'time constants' of the oceans? [We know there are relatively long periods between lunar and solar tides, and much shorter periods between wave motions. But how, for example, do we explain the fine details of the meanderings of the Gulf Stream?] Why are some water masses but not others homogeneous over hundreds of thousands of square miles? Why is there the vast oxygen minimum beneath the thermocline in the tropical eastern Pacific and eastern Pacific and eastern Atlantic? [That is, why is there a sudden, sharp decrease in the amount of oxygen dissolved in sea water immediately below the level where the water begins to grow rapidly colder with depth?] What is the rate of mass exchange across the thermocline? [How much water goes downward into the cold from the upper layer of the sea where the temperature is uniform?] Even more fundamentally, how are thermoclines formed and why do they persist?

"That the questions listed above remain unanswered reflects not only the lack of quantitative measurements of the motions of the ocean waters, but also the inadequacy of our thermodynamic and hydrodynamic models of the sea and the air. The two great earth fluids can be thought of as interlinked heat engines, and both theory and experiment need to be concentrated on the boundary between them. . . .

"How are the waves formed, and how do they grow and decay? What is the partition of energy and momentum, transmitted by the wind to the sea, between waves, currents and turbulent motion?

"Waves beneath the sea surface, called internal waves, are far more mysterious than the waves at the surface. How are internal waves generated? Do they break near shore? Are they effective in mixing nearshore water? What is the role of internal waves of tidal period in tidal friction?"

OCEAN-ATMOSPHERE RELATIONSHIPS

"So intimately connected are the oceans and the atmosphere that basic research in one field must necessarily involve the other. . . . Studies of these relationships may be highly fruitful in long-range weather forecasting.

"Less well-known and little understood are the long-term effects on climate caused by the ultimate stirring up of the deep ocean waters.

"Does the supply and coldness of the deep water vary at its source around Antarctica from year to year, or decade to decade? And if such variations occur, how long after and by what mechanism do they affect climate?

"In the deep waters of the sea, with their slow transport, we have a natural built-in lag which is a most promising beginning for the understanding and ultimate prediction of long-term climatic fluctuations."

ESTUARIES AND COASTAL WATERS

"Men have lived since time immemorial near the seashore and have benefited from the natural resources of inshore waters. Yet little is known about basic processes at the margins of the sea. Consequently, coastal and estuarine waters are now claiming an increased share of attention from oceanographers.

"Some of the questions are:

"What are the mechanisms of sediment erosion, transportation, and deposition on the shelf and in the surf zone? . . .

"How are turbidity currents generated? [What causes these mixtures of water and mud to slide downward through the sea like avalanches?] Are they the primary means of transporting terrestrial material to deep water? At what speeds do they flow? . . .

"What is the flux of sediment from land to deep ocean? . . .

"What is the nature of the stress exerted by waves and currents on the bottom? . . .

"What world-wide changes in sea level have occurred in the past? What changes are in progress now, or are to be expected in the near future?"

In general, the same questions challenge the oceanographic scientist today at just the time when technology and engineering have put the answers to many of them tantalizingly near his reach.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

HYPNOTICS

DR. EDWARD S. DEAN [Hoppety Hypnotism, *SR Sept.* 7] advances arguments against the utilization of hypnosis for removal of symptoms, suggesting that the latter procedure is fraught with dangers. But every physician realizes that symptom removal is most often commonsense therapy. He prescribes barbiturates for his sleepless patient, aspirin for pains, antacid for heartburn, anaesthetic ointments for itches, tranquilizers for tension, etc. In fact, the majority of medical and surgical procedures have as their aim the removal of distressing symptoms. The psychiatrist, likewise, prescribes electroshock for his disturbed patient and maintains an ample assortment of pharmaceutical preparations for alleviating his patient's troublesome symptoms. Does Dr. Dean suggest that all symptom-removing techniques be abandoned? That the patient live (or die) with his symptoms while his physician seeks after some elusive etiology? Should the symptoms continue for want of an explanation for causative relations?

One of his [Dr. Dean's] patients is relieved of puritus ani, but soon develops headaches. The doctor may have anticipated the advent of untoward symptoms and prepared for them. In an earlier work (1951), *New Concepts of Hypnosis*, I offered a technique which precludes the possibility of adverse reactions. Simply, a symptom of lesser severity than the one to be removed is suggested to the patient; e.g., the patient with an itching anus may do better with a mild heat sensation of the tip of one finger. Dr. Dean himself supposes that the new symptom adapts itself to the needs of the patient, therefore why not prepare him for a less discomforting one? It seems to me that it is an act of cruelty to insist that the patient scratch away while reclining on a couch for five years, hunting for causes.

Having hypnotized thousands of people, I will contend that I have seen few instances of bizarre behavior manifesting itself during hypnosis. I will say, however, that in each situation hypnosis has unmasked a pathology which existed prior to the experience, one of which I had not been aware. If observed properly, the psychiatrist may make use of such findings.

Regardless, it is a mistake to expect of hypnosis that it will confer normalcy upon disturbed people. If it had been established that a number of patients had taken aspirin a few weeks prior to exhibiting bizarre behavior, would Dr. Dean implicate aspirin as the offender? Yet he presumes again and again that hypnosis provokes such responses, if only because it was employed. In fact, he implies that psychosis may result from being hypnotized.

One woman, for example, was "cured" of hysterical blindness, later stabbing her boy friend. The only conclusion to be drawn is that she may have stabbed him sooner if she had been able to see him! Dr. Dean's argument is preposterous.

Lastly, Dr. Dean sees hypnosis as a "power relationship"; that it is a "submission to the will of another." Hypnosis is capable of its remarkable manifestations not through the abilities of an all-powerful hypnotist, but through the "powers" inherent in the nervous system of the person being hypnotized. In reality, all hypnosis is self-hypnosis. The hypnotist is a catalyst, aiding the process, yet having little to do with the response effected. If a suggestion is effective, it is because the hypnotized person accepted it. As such, he submits only to his own will.

BERNARD C. GINDES, M.D.
Beverly Hills, Calif.

THE ARTICLE on hypnosis in a recent issue ["Hoppety Hypnotism," SR/Sept. 7] is most unfortunate as it seems to confirm some of the many misconceptions about this subject. Many who might be benefitted by its use are frightened away from it by such articles, written in this case by a psychiatrist who obviously knows little about it.

Dr. [Edward S.] Dean's statements show this because of the difficulty in which he found himself by trying to remove symptoms by hypnotic suggestion in the way he used it. The experienced hypno-therapist uses hypnosis to uncover the causes of symptoms and conditions rather than commanding them away. Sometimes they can successfully be removed by suggestions with safety and without the bad results found by Dr. Dean. The proper techniques must be used, and Dr. Dean obviously does not know them. The only reasons for attempting this, however, would be when other methods fail or when time or financial reasons prevent longer therapy.

Dr. Dean quoted a survey by Dr. Auerback. Contrary to the statistics cited by Dean, Auerback surveyed about 900 California psychiatrists on their use of hypnosis. Only 20 reported finding it of great advantage, this being about 2%. Only 50 had ever used it. If two percent find it of great advantage, then ninety-eight percent are overlooking something very valuable for their patients!

Hypnotherapy offers a shortcut in psychotherapy. Usually the same results can be obtained in about one tenth of the time and expense. Could this be a reason why so few psychiatrists use it?

LESLIE M. LE CRON
Calif. State Certified Psychologist
Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR's Science Editor has examined the original text of Dr. Alfred Auerback's report in the June 16, 1962, issue of American Medical Association Journal (Volume 180, No. 11). What Dr. Auerback actually wrote was that he had (1) polled 828 psychiatrists in California on their attitude toward hypnosis, (2) received 414 replies to his questionnaire, (3) found that 192 had used hypnosis in their practice, (4) found that only fifty-five of those 192 still used hypnosis, and (5) found further that in their experience with hypnosis the 192 psychiatrists had encountered 119 cases in which the hypnotic treatment had precipitated psychosis, twenty-three cases in which hypnosis had produced panic or extreme anxiety, six cases in which hypnosis was followed by attempted suicide, and three cases in which hypnosis brought on sexual seduction.*

Dr. Dean asks that it be pointed out that his article in SR/Research did not say that all patients who were hypnotized would develop adverse reactions. His main point was that hypnosis had considerable danger because adverse reactions do occur. His article did not make clear that psychiatrists who reported severe adverse reactions to hypnosis usually had not themselves been the hypnotists but had seen the hypnotized patient after adverse reactions had occurred. In other words, the patients went from the care of a hypnotherapist to the care of a psychiatrist. "Just to indicate what some 'good' hypnotic subjects are willing to do to comply with a suggestion" from a hypnotist, Dr. Dean recalls a case reported by L. R. Wolberg in a book titled "Medical Hypnosis." In that instance the patient, having been given the suggestion that he would be freed of a more disturbing symptom and instead would develop hives on his arms, went into the woods and found some poison ivy that he could rub on his arms.

"I am not opposed to symptomatic treatment so long as a possibility of definitive treatment is not neglected," Dr. Dean says. "And I want to emphasize that psychogenic symptoms arising from life problems require a treatment that is different from suppression by an act of will. For such a suppression would only deny that the problem exists.

"I am well aware of auto-suggestions. In fact, I believe that suggestion—auto—and otherwise—strongly affects social behavior. (What makes advertising effective?) I cannot escape the conclusion that suggestion and hypnotism are interpersonal processes, both of which involve submission and dominance. Professor Robert W. White of Harvard presented a not too dissimilar point of view when he said, speaking of hypnosis, ". . . its most general goal being to behave like a hypnotized person as this is continuously defined by the operator and understood by the subject."

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Editorial

Continued from page 16

Schroeder to develop this new policy. Those who make trouble for him will be the nationalists in his own party rather than the opposition Socialists. They will bide their time in the hope that they can raise the equivalent of the old post-Versailles battle cry: "You betrayed us." And some of the statements made by Herr Strauss, the former Minister of Defense (who, in spite of his inglorious demise, was re-elected in Bavaria), during the debate over whether Germany should accede to the test ban treaty, gave one an ominous foretaste of the lurking dangers of a new German nationalism which Dr. Hans Buchheim, a young German historian, perceptively analyzed in a recent lecture before the Catholic Academy in Bavaria.

His central theme was a reminder to his fellow countrymen that they have a deep-seated tendency to confuse political with moral issues. This leads them, he argued, to turn into moral rather than rational political problems such questions as whether the Bundestag should meet in Berlin, whether a preamble should be added to the Franco-German Treaty, and perhaps whether Germany should accede to the test ban treaty. This tendency, which he attributed to the fact that to fish for moral aspects of a problem is so much easier than to take the trouble to make a political analysis, was exploited by Hitler against the Weimar Republic. "He made the inner and external problems of Germany dissolve in the conscience of many people by aiming the searchlight of his propaganda on what in fact or allegedly injured German morale," Dr. Buchheim explained, warning that if the Germans persisted in this kind of *Weltanschauung*, instead of being guided by sober political judgment, they may once again allow themselves to be lost in moralization and in appeals to their honor, which once upon a time significantly contributed to the advent of Hitler.

It is therefore not surprising if Herr Schroeder proceeds very cautiously with his new so-called policy of movement.

Then, too, with the authoritative voice of Dr. Adenauer in retirement, Bonn will not sound as single-minded or as predictable as before. When saints depart, angels begin to play and—if one may paraphrase—some of them, at least in Bonn, will not behave like angels. They will try to assert themselves now that the intimidating, all-pervading presence of Dr. Adenauer is gone, and to exploit whatever advantages they may think they can gain during the unsettling period of transition.

This new phase in Germany's postwar history is therefore much more than just a change from one regime to another. It is the end of the postwar era that was deeply influenced by the haunting past and the beginning of a phase in search of a new future. A new generation, much less conscious of prewar Germany, will gradually come to power and the struggle between personalities and policies will be much more open and fierce.

Neither Washington (because it must avoid putting too much of a strain on Bonn) nor Moscow (for its own reasons) seems to be in a hurry to press for new agreements. Neither of the two wants to rock the boat in Europe, either. The risks of war there look more remote than at any time since the end of World War II.

In contrast, the instability and the explosiveness of the situation in the Far East are striking. Perhaps the best use the two superpowers can make of the reduced tension in Europe is to communicate about how to keep China under control. The Russians—whether it is Kr. Khrushchev or Mr. Gromyko—usually shy away from discussing this problem with Western statesmen, but it ought to be in their own as well as President Kennedy's interest to discuss this issue which, in the coming decade, may prove to be the most difficult for both powers to deal with and the most serious threat to world security.

—Henry Brandon.

Music to My Ears

Continued from page 42

her case nor in Simoneau's is virtue dependent on a voice of first quality: but they have, in abundance, the command of technique as well as style to make the most of what there is to work with.

Joined with them were Cesare Siepi's reliable Don, as vocally suave as ever, Ferando Corena's Leporello, which is beginning to wear thin, and Theodore Uppman's Masetto, as lively a character study as this role could have. The Elvira was Lucine Amara—a little hard in sound and not sure in control. Joseph Rosensotck sat on the bench for this case for the first time here, and adjudicated all difficulties to the advantage of the defendant, Mozart.

Legally speaking, Puccini might have had a cause for action in the week's earlier performance of *Bohème*, the first in two years—or at least, a plea for change of venue to a locale more suitable to the vocal size of George Shirley as Rodolfo, Calvin Marsh as Marcello, and a newcomer from Bulgaria, Anton Diakov, as Colline. His routine was better than his voice, which is smallish. Also new was Maria Gray, who made Musetta a tougher little hoyden than need be, in sound as well as action. Raina Kabaivanska, who sang a pleasant Nedda last season, did not fulfill that promise with her Mimi, pushing rather hard to make her lightly bright voice audible. Judge Fausto Cleva supervised this domestic court matter with the air of a man who had seen worse.

BIT by bit the time period of *La Traviata* is creeping up on us. At the week's end the City Center offered it in a new decor by Gordon Micunis set in the 1890s, which gave a rather Offenbachian air to the opening scene in Violetta's salon. It was, otherwise, standard City Center Verdi, which meant that it was resourceful, well-ordered and budget-conscious, both in design and personnel.

Much good work was done by conductor Franco Patané to make a shape rather than a loose design of the score, and he kept at it relentlessly. Beverly Sills is an accomplished Violetta, but the sound she produces is cool and rather colorless. She was not embarrassed by the singing of John Craig, for his Alfredo tends more to the dutiful than to the beautiful. Igor Gorin's Father Germont came closest to authentic Verdian richness, and his bearing was fatherly enough for Violetta as well as Alfredo. Kirk Browning's direction was well conceived.

—Irving Kolodin.

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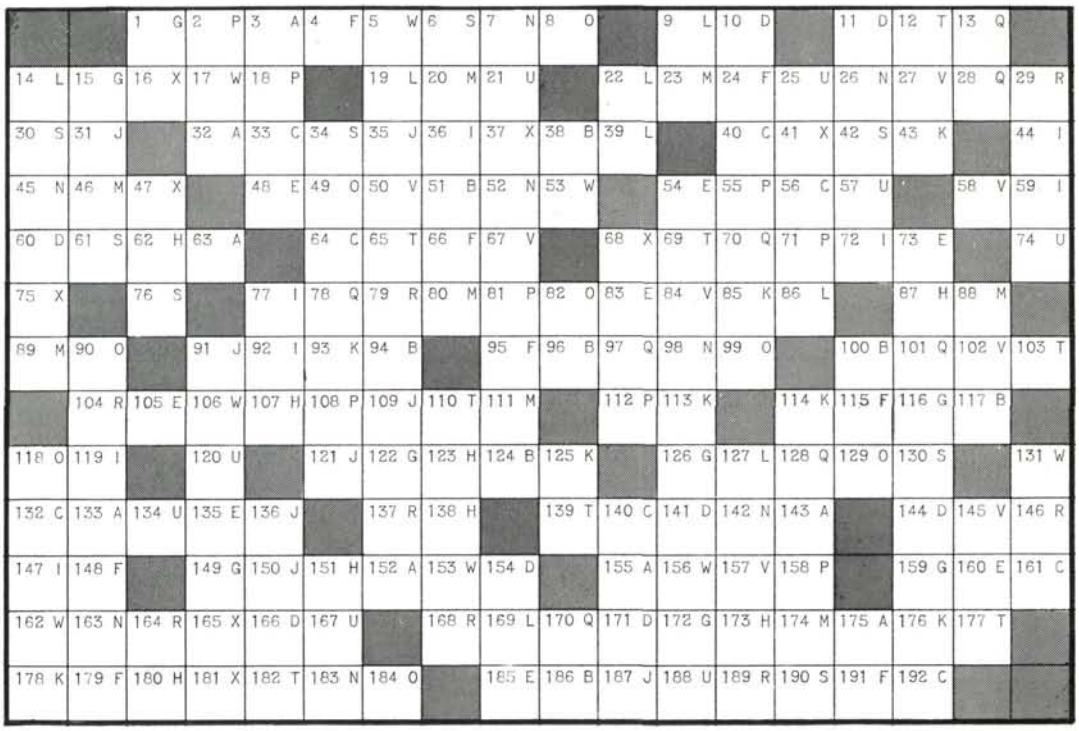
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Opposite of leeward.	155 175 152 63 3 133 143 32
B. Subjective; confined to the mind.	51 117 96 124 94 38 186 100
C. Human features for which only half the traveling shoe salesmen carry wares (2 wds.).	64 132 161 140 40 33 56 192
D. Indian of important tribe of western mountains in Wyoming and Colorado	154 141 60 10 144 166 11 171
E. Frequently.	83 160 135 54 185 48 105 73
F. Southern constellation Argo (2 wds.).	148 179 95 115 191 24 4 66
G. Suitable for washing.	172 122 149 15 159 126 1 116
H. Overtone of a sort commonly produced in violin playing.	87 173 180 123 138 62 151 107
I. Semisolid external layer of protoplasm, as in the amoeba.	72 36 44 92 119 147 59 77
J. Most umbrageous.	136 121 35 91 109 150 31 187
K. The typical British schoolboy of 19th cent. (full name).	114 176 43 178 85 113 93 125
L. Those over whom Rupert Brooke ordered the bugles to "blow out" (2 wds.).	169 9 22 19 39 127 14 86
M. Decade often called "Elegant".	46 89 111 23 174 20 88 80
N. Lack of any favorable opportunity (2 wds.).	52 183 7 45 26 98 163 142
O. Medieval garment, stuffed and quilted, worn under the hauberk.	99 118 184 82 8 90 49 129
P. Covers thickly with straw, reeds, even hair.	112 55 2 108 71 158 18 81
Q. Thus far; as yet.	78 128 13 101 70 170 28 97
R. In ancient prosody, the line made up of six feet, iambic, trochaic, or anapaestic.	137 104 168 146 29 164 79 189
S. Surpass; extend beyond.	42 61 34 30 76 6 130 190
T. What Kipling said England held over "palm and pine" *(Recessional)*.	182 139 103 65 110 69 12 177
U. Originally, medieval tales in Old French or Provençal, usually about heroes and their adventures.	25 74 57 120 167 134 188 21
V. Empty out; deprive; clear (a place).	102 50 58 27 145 84 157 67
W. To give pain or sorrow to.	106 53 153 131 156 5 17 162
X. Drug used as an analgesic, hypnotic, and calmative.	47 16 41 68 37 165 75 181

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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